

Carmel Pine Cone

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COUNCIL ORDERS INQUIRY OF ZONING LAW VIOLATIONS

An official investigation of violations of Carmel's zoning ordinance is on, and if plans do not go astray, there will be tests made in the courts to determine the meaning of clauses of that law. Is a restaurant a tea-room? Is a "single family house" a bungalow court? Is a planing mill a cabinet shop? Is a lumberyard a private yard? And is a warehouse a garage?

At last Monday night's meeting of the city council Chief of Police Englund was instructed to investigate alleged violations of the ordinance and report his findings at the next session, Monday night August 13. The matter came before the meeting by reason of a communication from Dr. J. E. Beck calling attention to what he termed a lumber-yard upon San Carlos street between 8th and 9th streets, in the residence zone. This yard belonging to Whitcomb and Bain had but recently been installed, and according to one of the firm who was present, the bulk of its contents would be removed shortly.

Whitcomb explained that there was no selling of lumber on the premises, and that the warehouse for which he recently had received a building permit, was for the storage of nails and window sashes. He was fencing the premises, and it would be kept neat and orderly.

During the discussion which followed, it was brought out that other lumberyards were operating in zones that did not permit such a business and one of the councilmen suggested that the law should be enforced in every instance, or be rescinded. Appealed to for his opinion of the case at point, City Attorney Campbell said that it looked like an infraction of the law, and if a complaint was sworn, he would prosecute.

The matter of a police officer for night duty was considered by the council when a petition signed by all business houses in the shopping district was read. Eli Rubenstein of the Marguerite Shop, who had circulated the paper, addressed the meeting, explaining that the merchants had already employed a night patrolman whose duties were to give his care to a watch of the shops, but they felt that another man employed by the city was needed. The matter was thoroughly gone into, and Commissioner of Fire and Police Jordan was instructed to take immediate action.

Three hundred feet of two and one-half inch fire hose, to cost \$270, was ordered purchased for the fire department.

Action on proceedings for the paving of San Carlos street was put over for one week to allow time to record deeds affecting the right of way for the street. Action on the resignation of Percy B. Wright from the planning commission was also put over for a week. Wright is to leave Carmel and will make his home in Pasadena.

An appeal for improvement of the street at the intersection of San Antonio and 12th streets was referred to the street superintendent. The superintendent, A. P. Frazier, reported on the cost of purchasing stop signs and buttons for streets entering Ocean avenue and for San Antonio street where needed. No action was taken on the report.

The council found itself legally unable to grant a request of the Forest Hill school authorities for permission to erect a "private grounds" sign at First and San Carlos streets.

Regular monthly reports of department heads were read and approved and bills totalling \$2,826.27 ordered paid. The city treasury has a balance of \$9,960.28 with the payment of the bills, it was reported.

OAKLAND TIP KEEPS

OFFICERS AWAKE NIGHTS

On information supplied by the chief of police of Oakland, that burglars intended as their next victim the exclusive linen and lace shop of J. A. Eustace in La Giralda Building, Chief of Police Englund, with officers Nixon and Guth

laid in wait inside of the La Giralda Building ready to surprise the expected intruders, on the third night following the Cinderella Shop theft.

At 12:30, Chief Englund saw a light flash on in Eustace's shop. The officers crept around to the front of the building. The light was gone and so was the intruder. Officer Nixon suspected it was Mr. Eustace himself. It was, as they found out next day.

However, officers believed the tip was well-founded. Two heavy set men rode around the block twice going past Eustace's shop each time. This was long after midnight. They observed the officers standing in front of the building on each trip, and consequently the would-be suspects had a right to expect that an attempt on such a night would be frustrated.

Meanwhile, Chief Englund has written the Oakland police head to find out the source of his tip.

INCREASE IN POPULATION

Kenneth Paul Wermuth, boy baby, is Carmel's latest population increase, the birth occurring last Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Wermuth are the parents, and Dr. J. E. Beck assisted in the happy event.

ARONOVICI, CITY PLANNER, WILL SPEAK IN CARMEL

Carol Aronovici, city planner of wide reputation, and editor of The Community Builder, published in Los Angeles, will speak at the Sunset School auditorium next Monday night. He will discuss the problems that confront other cities and towns in California, which may give light upon the situation here in Carmel.

MOTHER OF C. E.

ROBERTS PASSES

Death, after a lingering illness, overtook Mrs. Flora Rector at her home at Del Monte Grove last Sunday night. She was the wife of Charles Rector and the mother of Charles E. Roberts, local optician. Funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from the Freeman Undertaking parlor with the Eastern Star and Pythian Sisters officiating. Following the services the family accompanied the body to Fresno for burial.

Mrs. Rector was 73 years of age and has lived in Monterey for many years, having taken an active part in club life of the community.

Mrs. Bess W. McKerty of Merced, recent guest of her brother, Kenneth L. Wood of the Carmel-

ANN MURRAY'S PLAY WINS THEATRE GUILD CONTEST

About twenty-five members of the Guild of the Theater of the Golden Bough met on Tuesday night at the home of Henry F. Dickinson, to hear the report of two committees that have been working on matters of interest and importance since the last meeting held two weeks ago.

Henry F. Dickinson, chairman of the committee to confer with Edward G. Kuster, owner of the theater, reported that no conference had taken place owing to the absence of two of the committee and Kuster.

The guild members present at the meeting waited with keen interest for the report of the committee on the manuscript play contest, which contest closed August 1, with 34 plays to be read and adjudged by the committee selected for that purpose. They were Marian Shand, Dene Denny, Aanchen Towne, Wendy Greene, Janie Johnston, Pauline Schindler, Bert Heron, Joseph Hartley and Morris Ankrum.

The final vote and discussion took place at the home of Joseph Hartley just prior to the general meeting.

Out of 34 plays there were 5 of sufficient merit to be in on the last ballot. The winning play was selected by a 7 to 2 majority, while the second and third choices ran close.

The winner was a three act play by Ann Murray of Hollywood entitled "Dark Haven," dealing with a simple problem of every day life treated with sincerity and a knowledge of the characters, and the country in which the scenes were laid.

Morris Ankrum phoned Miss Murray and informed her of the decision in her favor, inviting her to visit Carmel while her play is in production. Miss Murray accepted the invitation and tendered her thanks to the committee for their decision.

The play of second choice, entitled "Mine Integrity" by Dorothy Nichols of Palo Alto, and the third, "Scrubbing Brushes" by Roger Quale-Denny of Hollywood, were given honorable mention and letters were written to the authors congratulating them upon their efforts. Probably one of the two plays will be produced before the



Rebellion. Linoleum Block by Maura Wallace.

year is out, by the Theater of the Golden Bough, as both plays are acceptable and well written.

A committee was appointed to return the rejected plays and to take care of all business left regarding the manuscript play contest.

A report by Mrs. John Bathen, secretary pro tem, was made regarding the Gals Performance which will take place at the theater on August 31. Mrs. Guy Koepp, chairman of the committee at work on this event was unable to attend the meeting on Tuesday night but sent in word that the plans are going well toward a successful performance including specialty acts and much color and gaiety.

The Guild appointed hostesses for the three performances to be at the Golden Bough Aug. 23-24 and 25, and the meeting closed with no date set for the next, which will be called when there is definite word from the committee which will meet with Kuster.

CARMEL PUPPETEER HAS NEED OF MANY ACCOMPLISHMENTS



Silver Tassel in the Puppet show, The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please.

Miss Grace Wickham has been very busy for new productions. She associated with Perry Dilley's Puppet Theatre in the capacity of puppeteer for two years. During this time she has "played" puppets in every play of Mr. Dilley's extensive repertory. She has played over thirty characters, giving to each a separate and characteristic voice.

The task of one who operates "guignols", or hand-puppets (which is the type of marionette used exclusively by Mr. Dilley in his productions) is no easy one. This puppeteer must not only keep in mind the lines, cues, business and "voices" of anywhere from six to ten characters, but must act also as stage mechanic, changing scenery and props and managing back-stage "noises." Everything must be fitted into the business of her partner and all kept going rhythmically. There is not a "spare moment" from the crash of the cymbal that opens the show to the final closing of the miniature curtains.

A puppeteer must be a craftsman. Grace Wickham often assists in making properties and painting scenes, many of which have just returned from Eastern exhibitions and had not been seen on the peninsula as yet.

The Misses Leonora Thompson and Mildred Welland of San Francisco have taken a cottage near the beach for a week.

alone, and from beneath the stage. Other important characters in this play operated by Miss Wickham include the following: the Cat, Herald, Nurse, and the Princess Stardust.

WATTS HOLD RECEPTION

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Watts, entertained a number of their friends at a reception yesterday afternoon in their beautiful home, "Mesa Verde" at Carmel Highlands. About two hundred people enjoyed the Watts' hospitality, including Dr. and Mrs. D. T. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Wetherill, Dr. and Mrs. Louis Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ma-saus, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells Covington, Miss Charlton Fortune, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Rear Admiral and Mrs. McKean, Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Fenner, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Skerry, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Nye, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Talbert Josselyn, and many others. Tea was served in the large drawing room, when the guests went up to Mr. Watts' studio to view his pic-

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Monterey

BULL NEEDS EDUCATION FOR THIS MATADOR BUSINESS

Aloysius, as the bull scheduled to any bull ever did. Red means nothing do the piece de resistance act at ing whatever to him. He must be the Serra fiesta bull-fight at Monterey August 23-26 has been christened, is getting educated. Aloysius surely needs education if

Aloysius lives at George Gordon Moore's ranch in the Carmel valley. The men in charge of the bull-

fight went out to Moore's ranch Sunday to take a look at their bull, to make sure he would be ferocious enough for Willie Tevis to encounter, and took a couple of amateur matadors along with them.

The matadors got out their red capes and advanced shiveringly forward. Aloysius stood at ease. The matadors waved their red flags. By the time they got halfway across the corral Aloysius became fearful. He turned tail, ran the other way, and scared half a dozen young ladies off an eight-foot fence. By that time the matadors were on the other side of the opposite fence.

With the aid of two cowboys Aloysius was finally convinced that he was supposed to be the villain of the play, and pawing the earth up in large chunks, he charged merrily back and forth at one matador and then the other. His form is far from finished yet, however, those who know declare. He will be given several more lessons in correct bull-fight etiquette, and by that time he is expected to put up a stiff battle. But the matadors just laugh and laugh and laugh.

SUGGESTS A REMEDY FOR BUM FIRST NIGHTS

In a communication to the Pine Cone, Neville Brush makes a suggestion as to dramatic first-nights in Carmel. He says, "Why not hold an invitational dress rehearsal two nights before the opening? This rehearsal might be conducted by both actors and audience in every respect as an opening performance, excepting only as regards the size of the audience. The latter might consist of those well-wishers who have been regularly at rehearsals, with perhaps a smattering of disinterestedly hard-boiled outsiders, let us say enough to stretch across the first one or two rows; there might be even an usher or two with programs to carry out the illusion.

"By this means the actors receive that psychological reaction, spurring them on, which only an audience, however small, can supply; this essential stimulus cannot possibly come from rehearsal watchers in their habitual mood, that of strolling casually in and out, chatting gaily during waits, etc. Let the players rehearse each part under the spell of that subtle thing known as "audience sense" and their opening performance should emerge a finished product."

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CARMEL

UNINVITED GUEST

Bill Machado sent in a S. O. S. to Chief of Police Englund last Friday night to hurry out to the Stewart Ranch and help him evict an intruder, named Chas. Stanford, who had settled for the night in one of the cabins, and refused to be on his way. Gus obeyed the call, and took the squatter to Salinas to Sheriff Abbott for investigation.

CAR UPTURNS NEAR SUR

While Mrs. L. W. Hacker of San Francisco, a guest at Pine Inn, was driving her Buick coupe over the Serra Grade near Little Sur last Sunday afternoon, she grazed the bank and tipped over, smashing the fenders, and one side of the body of her car, escaping injury herself. She was helped back to town by the Carmel Garage.

SIXTY POUND SALMON LURES LOCAL ANGLERS

Eric Wilkinson, accompanied by his friend Paul Whitman, both popular members of the Abalone League, planned to leave yesterday for Canada, where Eric will meet Mrs. Wilkinson who recently suffered injuries to her arm in a fall.

Mrs. Wilkinson is reported to have practically recovered from her wounds sustained in a fall from a high verandah. Eric, who was planning to leave for Canada after Mrs. Wilkinson's accident, encountered difficulties with immigration officials and postponed the visit on Mrs. Wilkinson's advice that she was well taken care of.

Now that the State Department at Washington has assured him of a safe return to this country from Canada, he is planning to go anyway and enjoy a little fishing with Paul while there. Mrs. Wilkinson will return with them.

Eric came into this country under the due allotment of the immigration law but a year or so ago, went to Tahiti under a passport from this government. The State Department at Washington at one time failed to send him a return passport but now that the difficulties have been straightened out, Eric is free to move about at will.

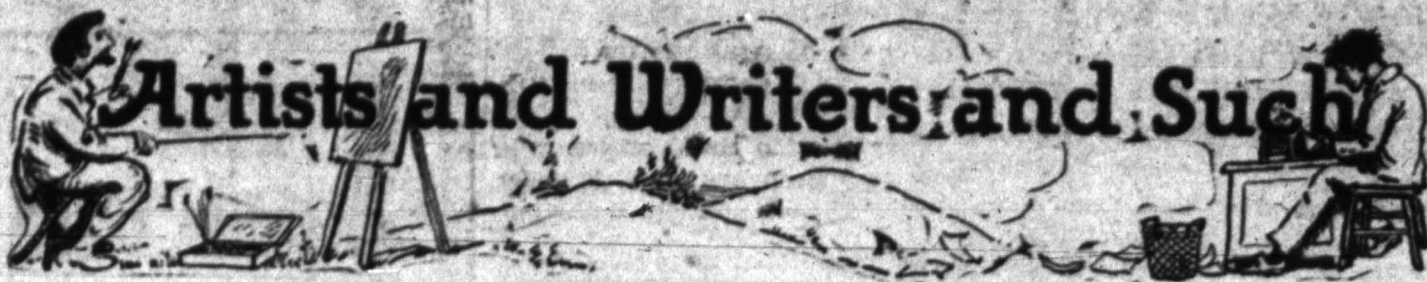
Paul, who is accompanying Eric, is planning to do some expert fishing. The Tyee Salmon Club in Victoria offers a diamond button for the angler who hooks a 60-lb. salmon. Since no one yet has claimed this distinction there, Paul is very optimistic over catching one of this weight. The Campbell River in Victoria is the spot where both Eric and Paul will angle. In mid-September, all plan to return to Carmel.



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Court of the Golden Bough



PLANS ARE MADE FOR SECOND YEAR OF ART ASSOCIATION

The Carmel Art Association held a special meeting of the Finance Board last Monday afternoon at the studio of J. Culbertson.

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for the present

In view of its very successful first year's existence, the Association has for some time past, been planning a slight reorganization. It was felt that it should be placed on a firmer financial basis, and to this end, a number of substantial business men were invited to form a financial committee to work with the board of Directors, and formulate a plan of action, as well as supervise expenditures. This committee, at the meeting last Monday, passed the following resolution:

"We have examined the budget and find the sum of \$2100.00 necessary for the expenses of the Carmel Art Association for the ensuing year. We recommend the raising of an additional \$400.00 to be devoted to a building fund, and in order to carry out the purpose of the Art Association, it will be necessary to secure at least 200 sustaining members at \$10.00 each, the funds thus collected to be under the supervision of this committee. Signed:

Louis Merrell, A. T. Skerry, Robert Sillman, J. Kingsland, and W. F. Normand (Treasurer).

There are eight classes of memberships: Active members—\$5.00, Associate—\$2.00, Junior—\$1.00, Sustaining—\$10.00, Contributing—\$25.00, Life—\$100.00.

The curator will be at the gal-

lery every afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock and will be happy to receive subscriptions and give out membership cards. It is hoped that the people of Carmel will realize the importance of an art gallery here. The deep interest shown by the public at large, and the growing attendance of visitors to the gallery prove its need, and a prompt and generous response is looked for.

Attendance for the past three weeks has reached the 500 mark.

MINIATURE ARTIST SHOWS

Among the recent exhibitions at the Carmel Art Galleries was a case of water-color miniatures on ivory, by Mrs. Walter Palmer, Detroit artist, who is spending the summer with her daughter, Peggy Palmer, in Carmel.

Mrs. Palmer studied under Martha Baker, well known miniature artist and instructor at the Chicago Art Institute.

Last spring at the Hanna Galleries in Detroit, Mrs. Palmer's work attracted a great deal of attention among lovers of art. Although she specializes in studies of children, many of her subjects are grown people. Perhaps the most outstanding miniature in the entire collection is that of Mrs. Frank J. Navin, the wife of the millionaire sportsman owner of the Detroit Tigers, and herself an internationally known horsewoman.

There is another charming one done from an old daguerrotype, of the artist's grandmother in her youth, a dark haired girl in polk bonnet and rose colored crinoline. And another one, just completed, of Miss Margaret Clarke, a Ziegfeld beauty who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Frank Wilder in Carmel. Miss Clarke has red hair and the delicate coloring so suitable for a miniature.

At present Mrs. Palmer is working on an ivory of Mrs. J. F. Kreps, well known Carmel woman.

During the past week the miniatures have been on exhibit at the Gotham shop in Palo Alto where they are being much admired by the many guests at the horse show.

Paul Whitman, a former pupil of Armin Hansep, has been etching for five years or thereabouts, having come from a city desk to a Carmel studio.

His work has received recognition not only from critical Carmel but from outsiders. Earlier in the year, he displayed three of his prints at the International Print Makers show at Los Angeles, where he received third prize for his work. Armin Hansen has just purchased a Whitman print—a fine thing of the Monterey hills and fishing wharves.

In a medium that is often stiff and without feeling Whitman has succeeded in displaying facility and imagination. He chooses his subjects where he can, from the less obvious and least often used among artists and etchers. In many of the Whitman prints there is a suggestion of the well known etcher of industrial themes, Joseph W. Pennell.

The annual meeting of the Carmel Art Association will be held on Monday, August 13, at 3 o'clock, at the studio of Miss J. Culbertson, corner of 7th and Lincoln. There will be an election of officers, and every member is urged to be present.

There will be an exhibit of photographs done by W. G. Dassonville of San Francisco, at the Carmel Art Gallery between the 22 and

29 of August. The committee responsible for bringing this exhibit, promises that it is one of the finest on the coast, and feels particularly fortunate in securing it for the gallery.

LINCOLN INN CHANGES HANDS

"Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you what you are"—a motto used on a cereal box, is the motto adopted by John S. Ball, who has leased the Lincoln Inn from its owner, Mrs. Maude Hogle, for a five year period.

Johan Hagemeyer

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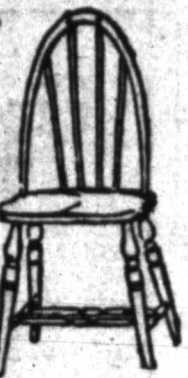
Mr. and Mrs. Ball have recently come to Carmel, and have already shown the people here that they can provide dainty and substantial food, accompanied by an atmosphere of home and good cheer.

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FRANZ LUDWIG'S MUSICAL DIGEST

By Thomas Vincent Cator

Did Puccini steal his last opera, "Turandot"? It seems hard to believe that a composer as prolific of melody as was Puccini would stoop to such a thing. Yet the writer has heard many stories of the lifting of melodies in this country, by composers who were well established commercially.

The following article has not appeared in any of the music journals to date. But it was conspicuous in

the New York World of July 30th: "Two Jewish sisters, Frieda and Goldina Robinson, soon will come to the United States from Tel Aviv, Palestine, to bring charges of plagiarism against the estate of Giacomo Puccini, famous Italian composer of "La Tosca," and other operas, charging that he stole his last opera, "Turandot," from an opera composed by them in Hamburg in 1896 and copyrighted by them in Germany and the United States, according to a cable from its Palestine correspondent published in the Jewish Day.

"When the sisters heard that the Metropolitan Opera Company produced Puccini's work here in 1927, reads the cable, they obtained the score and played it, along with their own score, before an assemblage of musicians, who all agreed that the scores were unquestionably identical. Prof. Sidney Siel, of Riga, well known music authority and director of the Jerusalem Music School, issued a signed statement testifying to the similarity of the scores.

"When the story reached the American Consul General, Oscar Heiser, recognized as one of the most gifted musicians in Palestine, he invited the sisters to his house and personally performed the scores before a select gathering of American and English listeners. The audience found the scores absolutely alike in form and melody.

"Upon the advice of Mr. Heiser the sisters decided to come to the United States to claim their rights to the opera. He gave them a letter to Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey, in which he says the sisters have a good case and requests him to recommend a copyright lawyer.

"Meantime they have submitted their case to the Conference of Intellectual Workers of the League of Nations, who sent them an encouraging reply and advised them

to take the case to the Italian courts."

A similar case to this occurred in this country not very long ago, when Anita Baldwin brought suit against Richard Walton Tully, and proved her authorship of "The Bird of Paradise."

Discussing the subject of sentimentalism in music, The Christian Science Monitor says, in an editorial: "Sentimentalism, much reproached by composers of modern leanings, stays in evidence, and even makes itself conspicuous, now and then, in advanced works. . . . If sentimentalism were merely a characteristic of the nineteenth century, with which modernist composers so much quarrel, if it were the mode of thinking of a period that tended to hold over and oppress a latter day, there might be ground for objection. But sentimentalism can assuredly be traced through art from the beginning, whether the form be verse, melody or anything else. True, it has been of greater or lesser effect, according to the artist's temper: moderately emphasized by Aeschylus, for example, and strongly by Euripides; and implied consideration with Dante, and an explicit one with Petrarch; restrained in Bach's fugues, and rampant in Tchaikovsky's symphonies.

"But sentimentalism persists; and if it cannot be found in pages of music which certain composers write, short chance, probably, have they for public favor. Certainly it can be discerned in passage after passage of Stravinsky's 'Petrouchka'; and it may fairly be called the prevailing excitement of his 'Aedipus.' For the sentimental, without doubt, is fundamental. Fortunately, then, those among the moderns, whose tunes, chords and tone combinations it warms and enlivens."

The Prince of Wales has given his patronage to the Highland Gathering and Scottish Music Festival in the Canadian Rockies, to be held at Banff from Aug. 31, to Sept. 3 with headquarters at the Banff Springs Hotel.

Highland regiments of the Dominion will be represented by delegate pipers, and there will be additional pipers from other units of the Canadian Militia and from other pipe bands. These will furnish music for the lads and lassies entered in the Scottish dancing competitions and for the athletes competing in the Caledonian games of the Alberta Amateur Championship Meet.

MILLION FILMED IN "THE CROWD"

King Vidor's latest picture, "The Crowd," is to be shown at the Golden Bough on Sunday and Monday nights, August 12, 13. It is undoubtedly the greatest picture since the Big Parade, depicting the lives of millions of people—guys who fancy that nothing of significance ever takes place in their own drab lives.

With masked batteries of cameras, Vidor caught the immense theatre crowds of New York's Broadway. He filmed the noonday crowds of Fifth avenue and Broadway, the exclusive shopping districts of New York, the great financial district, the docks and waterfronts.

He got the exits of the towering skyscrapers as they discharged their tens of thousands of employees for the night, and from barges in the harbor "shot" the skyline of the busiest city in the world.

At Pittsburgh, he used the thousands of employees of the world's greatest steel mills and at Rochester, he worked against a background of the great kodak factories and the Eastman laboratories.

Coney Island, and the automobile factories of Detroit, also throw their thousands of human beings into the picture, and show the one lone human struggling against the mass.

Eleanor Boardman and James Murray have the principal romantic roles.

FESS UP, LADIES: YOU'RE ALL UNDER SUSPICION

Every girl in town between the ages of sixteen and sixty, is under police suspicion until the guilty one confesses.

The crime is theft, and the stolen goods will probably be found in a silver frame on some Carmel dresser or writing desk.

The managers of the Theater of the Golden Bough are disappointed and chagrined to think that their property is not safe, even under the wing of the theatre door.

John Gunnar Uppman, good looking and talented young singer who has been here in the village for the past few weeks, and who sang at the Theater of the Golden Bough two evenings last week, had given the managers of the theater two large photographs to be used for publicity.

They're gone, lifted, stolen.

Mrs. Vernon Kellogg, and her daughter, Miss Jane, are in their house at Carmel Highlands for the

remainder of the summer. Mr. Kellogg, who is at present in Yosemite inspecting the park, will join his family later.

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Spotlight and Back-stage

THRILL FOLLOWS THRILL AS THIRTEENTH CHAIR IS PLAYED

Whether the play's a mystery, a tragedy or the season's funniest comedy, there's a spirit of geniality and cooperation at the Abalone League Theater on show nights that's contagious.

Last week, the Carmel players gave us three nights of "The Thirteenth Chair," a mystery play by Bayard Veiller.

Charles Van Riper, one of the best showmen in the village, did the directing, timing his thrills and pauses to a nicety. Even though most of us had seen the play before, perhaps more than once, we lost none of the tense moments or hair raising thrills, due to Van Riper's knowledge of audience psychology.

Alice MacGowan, playing Madame La Grange, a spirit medium, belongs to the older order of Carmel players. She did her first role here

at the Forest Theater a good many years ago and has been more or less a theatrical factor ever since. Last week she gave us a finely sketched picture of an old Irish medium, who had faked all her life until the time came when she prayed that she be shown a sign that would help her in her time of need. Miss MacGowan used her voice warmly and her expressive face and hands well, in portraying the character of the lovable old medium.

After Miss MacGowan, Jane Swain must be mentioned for her playing of the role of Mrs. Crosby. Mrs. Swain is the possessor of a dry humor which creeps into her characterizations, giving them a human quality, and whimsicality.

Hildreth Masten and James Dignan played the juvenile leads with a good deal of appeal. Richard Masten gave a fair characterization of Mr. Crosby, and Marian Todd played a skeptical dinner guest effectively. Three attractive Carmel girls who added a lot to the stage

pictures and held their small parts satisfactorily, were Sonia Noskowiak, Betty Ankersmit and Eleanor Fletcher. Other guests at the festive dinner were played by Glenn Saunders, Allen Habberly and Ernest Schweninger. Fletcher Dutton played the part of the murderer. He has an easy manner on the stage and a good voice.

Cecil Land, as Donohue, a part that would tax a seasoned actor, appeared for only the second time on any stage. He played it evenly and with some exceptionally good touches when he forgot himself sufficiently to let the momentum of the part carry him along.

The three cops were done by Louis Treiner, Eddie Burns and Ralph Todd, while Hans Ankersmit played Pollock, a servant.

Dick Johnson took charge of the lights, one of the most important factors in producing the thrills in the second and third acts. He did a fine piece of work.

Hans Ankersmit and Allen Habberly were stage managers, and the props were in charge of Bonnie Gottfried. Antiques from Tilly Polak's shop added to the attractions of the room in which the entire action took place.

REAL PRIZE FIGHT ADDS ITS KICK TO ABALONE'S NEXT PLAY

One of the greatest reasons for the phenomenal popularity of "Is Zat So," which ran for more than 500 nights on Broadway, is the fact that its high light is an actual prize-fight on the stage. The play

will be staged here at the Carmel Playhouse this Saturday night.

For two rounds of three minutes each, the audience is regaled with the exhilarating sight of two boxers going at each other hammer and tongs. It is not, of course, a brutal exhibition, for boxing today has been stripped of that feature, but on the contrary, is a most interesting and exciting demonstration of the manly art of self-defense.

However, no punches are "pulled," and as a matter of fact the bout winds up suddenly with a clean knockout. And in this connection, let it be added, and with emphasis, it is NOT the hero who administers the knockout.

Hundreds of women on the Peninsula and in Carmel who have never seen a boxing bout will thus be afforded their first opportunity to witness one for themselves, to get the wonderful thrill as clean young Americans gaily and gallantly swap glove punches "pour le sport."

And the many women who, somehow or other, have fancied that boxing was a degrading and brutal sport will have an entirely new idea of it as conducted along scientific and, incidentally, highly exhilarating principles.

But that's only one feature of the scores of features that "Is Zat So" presents. Its bounteous comedy, its slashing dramatic moment, double-barrelled love story, tender passages of pathos, its novelty, its thrill and its side-splitting lines, situations and characters—well, its no wonder that "Is Zat So" ran for 500 nights in New York and smashed all records in theatrical history.

The parts of the prize fighter and his manager are taken by By Ford and Jack Mulgardt, respectively. Jack Mulgardt is best fitted for the comedy roles and in such parts has established himself as one of the leading actors in Carmel. He can always be expected to give his part added touches that are amusing if not uproariously funny. In "The Barker," his manner of walking in the part of the sailor, is a small bit, but likely to be remembered longer than his lines. By Ford was last seen in one of his greatest successes in the title role of "The Cop-

perhead." In that play he had to sides the two aforementioned play-master the drawl of the backwoods man; in "Is Zat So" the jargon of prize fight slang will find ready expression in his role of the fighter. Ford likes these character roles, gives the time necessary to master them thoroughly, and gives a memorable account of himself in every part.

The whole cast in "Is Zat So" is composed of some of Carmel's best known actors and actresses. Be-

ers, there are Ernest Schweninger, Sally Maxwell, Mary Shallus, Mar-tan Ford, Stanton Babcock, Hally Chadsey and Billy Hudson.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea of Carmel Highlands left this morning for San Francisco, whence they will sail for Tahiti. They plan to spend several months in Polynesia, where Mr. O'Shea will do considerable sketching. They plan to be gone indefinitely.

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Perry Dilley's Puppets

Today, 2:30 p.m.

Children 35c, Adults 50c, 75c, \$1.00

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Children 50c, Adults \$1.00

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—with a cast that reads like "Who's Who" in Carmel theatricals, headed by By Ford, Jack Mulgardt, Ernie Schweninger, Stan Babcock, Mary Shallus, and Sally Maxwell.



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PERRY DILLEY'S PUPPETS PLAY AT GOLDEN BOUGH TONIGHT

Perry Dilley's famous puppets will play at the Golden Bough this afternoon in "Red Riding Hood and the Wolf," and "A Barrel o' Trouble," and tomorrow night in "Boiled Celery," a Japanese farce, and in "The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please." The last is a most interesting story, played with the charm that only puppets can give.

"The Dragon Who Wouldn't Say Please" opens with a disturbing incident. A large green Dragon has

swooped down into the palace gardens and carried off the little Princess Stardust. The King learns from the Astrologer (who reads it from his book) that this Dragon cannot be killed, but "may be captured by a prince of the blood born upon a Monday." Now John, the King's youngest son, being thirteen or thereabouts, is the only one who fits this requirement. Since the stars have spoken, and it is printed in the book in black and white, and John is all eagerness to go, there is nothing left for the King to do but accede. So John sets forth gaily, accompanied by his cat, who, he is sure, will be a great help to him.

They meet fairies in the forest just as John expected. The fairies are already acquainted with the catastrophe that befell the princess. They don't like the Dragon because

he is impolite. He has never been known to say "please" to any one! He deserves to be taught a lesson. So they offer John the benefit of their magic.

The magic works, and the Dragon does learn a lesson. Many people, too, might get a valuable hint or two from this lesson. We won't tell you what it is; you will have to see for yourself.

There is much excitement in the last act, including a cat-and-dragon fight. The princess is delivered safe and sound, and the Dragon's secret, his reason for carrying her off, is revealed. John comes to understand the Dragon, and the Dragon gets a new and interesting viewpoint on the world and its customs from John. The Princess is dancing as the final curtain closes.

This play was written by Grace Stearns (Mrs. Perry Dilley) and was given for the first time at the University of California in July, 1927. It is in three acts, and it takes seventeen puppets to play it.

somewhere up in a tree, spoke words of wisdom to the creatures of the earth. He was really Elliott Durham, but none of us saw him once.

Lavender Butterfly sang and danced and looked beautiful in her pale wings marked with black. She was played by Eugenia Reynolds of San Jose, who sang Bright Butterfly, her voice, a mezzo of good quality, mellow and sweet in the open.

Never was there a more graceful beauty chorus. Six young girls, with happy faces and twinkling feet, were leaves, then fireflies, then bats, and finally dewdrops with the coolest colors in their dresses. They were Ada and Ruth Whiffen, Frances Butler, Helen Marie Neumark, Kathleen Macleish and Mary Bigland.

The orchestra consisted of violin, Alice Meckenstock; flute, Henry F. Dickinson Jr., and piano, Tom Cator.

Irene Alexander directed, and it is due to her understanding and genius that we saw a cast of bright children, keen to go on, and so full of the joy of the occasion that they remained unworried about their lines or steps.

Rem Remsen designed the set, which was constructed by Henry F. Dickinson Jr. George Seidenack did lights, and props were in charge of

Bruce Monahan.

The set was landscaped by H. A. Hyde Company, nurserymen of Watsonville, who donated their time and materials to the Forest Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James of Carmel Highlands have returned from Santa Barbara, where they spent a few days during the fiesta.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Turner have returned from Montana, where they have been for a few weeks.

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AUDIENCE CHIRRUPS WITH GLEE AS CHILDREN DO INCHLING

Children are natural actors. They're at it all day and every day with their toys and playmates. The lights and applause that the theatre provides only add stimulus to the every-day game. Forgotten lines are of so little consequence compared to the big idea in the play that the audience is amused and a little doting when a small actress or actor smilingly and hopefully waits for the prompter to speak up.

Why do we have to grow up and become so ineffectual? must have been in the minds of most of the older ones who saw Inchling, Rem Remsen's play, last Saturday night.

Inchling is a story of Bugville—about bugs and butterflies—their grievances, joys and loves. It was first played six years ago at the Forest Theatre, and has only been slightly changed. Written primarily for the children, grown-ups love it too.

There were beautiful stage pictures, clever lines, and a good deal of rather remarkable acting. The costumes were mostly made of oilcloth that caught the light and made splotches of gay color on the stage against the trees. The costume designs done by Janette Barlow, were clever and imaginative, and so impressionistic as to carry out the fantasy.

Inchling, without the music written for it by Thomas Vincent Cator would be incomplete. Each motif was suggestive of the character it introduced, and the dances were charming.

Gym of the Woods, the elfin spirit of play and mischief, who knew secrets he wouldn't tell, and who chuckled all to himself at things that worried little bugs and butterflies, was played by Barrian Cator. She is a beautiful child, straight and graceful, a dainty Puck. Inchling—poor dejected worm who loved a butterfly and couldn't reach

her, was played by Joe Schoeninger. He made us feel very sorry for him when he was disconsolate, and very glad with him when he found his wings.

Golden Wings, the leading lady, played by Doris Meachem on two hours notice owing to the illness of Jane Hopper who was cast for the part, was one of the brightest, most charming little leads we've ever seen in Carmel. She was on her tip toes in finding it hard to learn to walk on the ground so that she might stay with her admirer, Inchling, who couldn't fly.

Lady Bug, a widow, a great chatterbox, and a bit of a flirt, was done by Elizabeth Ann Dobrzynsky, a visitor for the summer.

Fire Fly, her adoring suitor, was priceless. The part was taken by little Wesley Miller—and he's a great boy, with a regular fellow voice and a swagger that just goes with sailor suits and a real haircut.

Mr. and Mrs. Inchworm, played by Bernard Watson and Helen Marie Neumark, were the father and mother of Inchling and a devoted couple. Father worried when Mother didn't, and mother protected sonny when father scolded about him, and between them we got a life-like miniature of the average couple of parents with a wandering child.

First Robin, hippity-hopped about with a perky tilt to his head and a saucy note in his voice. He was done by Kenneth Macleish. His companions (two of them) were Mud—always mud, played by Donald Dawson and Alice Wilson. Alice stepped into the place left vacant when Doris Meachem was called on to do Butterfly. Both little girls deserve credit for their sportsmanship.

Terrible mosquito, with his army of poisonous insects, fitted out with terrible weapons, was played by the only adult on the stage, Billy Shepherd. He made the helpless bugs and butterflies shudder and the audience as well, with his hissing voice and deadly poison.

His chief sentry was played by Helen Wilson, who showed that she is following the family tendency to be at home on the stage.

Wee Ann—very wee Pete Stefens—brought on the announcement of Act 3 with evident enjoyment, loving his important role, and blissfully carrying the card with the writing against his own little tummy. But we appreciated his intentions, and loved his littleness, all decked out in red oilcloth.

There was an army of ant cutters, a foreman of the factory, a chief worker, and an ant marker, butterflies, bats and dewdrops.

A wood god, with a solemn voice

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In the matter of ACQUIRING A HOME

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Elizabeth M. Clung White

Next to Carmel Bank

LIGHT ON SUBJECTS, DEEP IN DOUBT

WE ARE ASKED FOR SUGGESTIONS

James F. Pollard of the Central Coast Regional Advisory Council of the California Development Association — better known in this neck of the woods as manager of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company at Salinas — has written asking suggestions as to the best way of approaching the problem of cleaning up the scenic highways of this section of the state by the removal of "disreputable vending stands, poorly placed roadsigns and the like."

A grand campaign, and one we're glad to offer every help with. In fact, we'll go a step further, and suggest that every roadsign is "poorly placed." Arizona took hold of the problem boldly, said that it wasn't spending millions of dollars to build scenic roads for the display of advertising signs, and passed state laws that brought signs down not only from the rights-of-way, but from adjacent privately owned properties. A big suggestion there.

Our county has an ordinance which would help some if rigidly enforced, but under the liberal construction of police powers by the courts, it might be quite possible to amend this law to include signs placed upon abutting properties. Anyhow, the idea is worth looking into, as is also the suggestion that ordinances in incorporated cities be made to protect scenic beauties from the near-by property owner who sees the opportunity for a little gain in the erection of a signboard.

So much for the correction of the evil by law. Public opinion is another strong coercive force, and if clubs and civic organizations, besides passing resolutions, will get their members to use buying pressure on offenders against scenic beauties, there will be results in short order.

TO TEST THE ZONING LAW

There is opportunity now to convert talk into action, and make words mean something. Our Chief of Police, August Englund, has been given by the City Council the very wide and handsome orders to bring before them a list of all violations of the Zoning Ordinance, Carmel's bulwark of residential liberties.

We all know that Gus, fair and square, will do his best with the generous instructions, and seek for infractions of the law; but that ordinance is a long one and the village isn't too small. We should all feel bound to help the Chief make that list a finished product.

Not that we are anxious to prosecute anyone. Far from it. We do not believe there will be the necessity of fining or jailing a single individual. There may be test cases brought in the courts to determine the meaning of phrases and to establish the legality of the ordinance as a whole, or some of its clauses. It should have been done long ago, for one infraction has led to another until now it would seem that the law is a dead letter.

The zoning ordinance is that ordinance which protects the buyer of property from a future obnoxious neighboring structure. If the zoning ordinance is operative, a purchaser may be certain that within his restricted district there will be no business structures or manufacturing plants, and that the vacant lots adjoining him will, when built upon, contain only single-family residences. The purchaser can see for himself what already has been built, and accept or reject the neighborhood as he pleases; but he relies upon the zoning ordinance to protect his future. And the value of the property he buys depends upon the strict observance of the zoning ordinance.

One infraction, and the whole law is threatened. "He has done this, and he got away with it. I will do the same." That theory actuates many, and more are influenced by the matter of fair play. Jones builds two houses on a forty-foot lot; Smith follows it with three. Since for the good of the village, the law is a dead letter, it is better to follow the lead of the first violator.

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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The Carmel Pine Cone's circulation covers Carmel, and in addition circulates widely in the Highlands, Pebble Beach, Carmel Valley and a large portion of the Peninsula. Its policy is to print the true news and promote the welfare of Carmel and the Peninsula section.

PERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

THREE SONNETS

By IRENE ALEXANDER

You must not greatly hate the dawn — nor me —
That her gray breath should tear to quivering strands
The dew-hung gossamer our weaving hands
Fashioned night-long in breathless ecstasy;
For starlight lingered on its shimmering thread,
The high, sad winds drew music from its soul
And passed among the branches; 'round it stole
A fragrance of old roses, dim and dead.

Ah, we must laugh with dawn, and come away
In haste! Nor grieve since now our web is torn
That all its dewy gems are flung to morn —
That where the starlight caught is dust of day,
For we have woven through the mystic night,
And weaving, touched all anguish, all delight.

* * * * *

Bright cloth of gold, those fragrant days lie spread
Along the dusty loom, and when the light
Falls slanting thus, faint, softly-clouded white
Of seed-pearl draws a legend from its thread
To gleam — a moment's lustre — round your head
In mockery, as if at last it might
Deny those fleshless wraiths of my delight
The still, cold namelessness they coveted.

For so the cloth is bright, with fantasy
Of pearl-mist drifting through its burnished gold,
And fairer still because its thread is caught
Eternal in the loom; Penelope
Might dim with night-long tears the raveled gold
Of stark remembrance, in old sunlight wrought.

* * * * *

Here, in the sombre dusk of our farewell,
No word has snatched tomorrow's pleasant fruit
Away; and yet we know the blackened root
Lies bare — we both have heard the passing bell
Chime low from that dim, far-off citadel
We ruled in regal fantasy, faint bruit
That mourns, "The King and Queen are dead!"
We stand, and smile to count the muffled knell!

Yet there ARE words that clamour to be lanced
Among the smooth, ungarnered fruits — to brave
Those phantom turrets, cloud-tossed, opaline!
How shall we say them? We who once have glanced
From those high, eerie battlements? A knave
Might speak — but you were King, and I a Queen!

BURIAL

By JACK MAIL

The foamy fingers of the sea
Clung fast to Carmel's beach.
I dug a little grave for me
Within the water's reach.
I dug a little grave and threw
My tattered poems in;
And then stared out into the blue.
Where thick white waves broke thin.

Oh this is it the Ivory sand,
And this the Lapis sea.
And this is it the very hand
That dug the grave for me.
For all my songs were badly torn,
And all my blood was rust,
And now my heart is sorely worn;
My poetry is dust.

lot is allowed to bring two rentals, Smith lot should get as much—or more.

Under Carmel's zoning law, there is district for the retail business, for hotel and apartments; a second district for residences; and a third for manufacturing, for laundries, stables, lumberyards and the less desirable businesses. When a restaurant or a lumberyard gets over into residence district, and the neighbors begin expostulating, it is apt to become a tea-room or a private yard in the mind of its owner. But the misuse of a word does not alter the situation, and proof should be easy of the actual use of the property.

So now that the matter is up, and the Chief of Police is investigating, every violation of the ordinance should be reported back to the council; where there is an question as to the reading of the law, a case should be brought into court to test it; where the infraction is self evident, short-term notice should be served to correct the violation on pain of prosecution and should such prosecutions be necessary to regain the authenticity of the zoning ordinance, the teeth of the law should be sunk deep into the flesh—those teeth in this law being that each day is a separate offense, each offense separately punishable by fine or imprisonment—or both.

OUR SMART KIDDIES

Place any cast of actors, amateur or professional, in the predicament of losing a leading player a few hours before the opening performance, and there will result serious demoralization. The necessary changes and shifts affect the entire cast, putting fear into each heart, draining the nerve force that has been keen-edged by rehearsals, and leaving palpitation where had been sureness. That Carmel children playing in "Inchling" went through such a crisis and came out of creditably is of greater value than the fact that they gave a good show.

For in rising to meet a sudden emergency is character developed. When the child is tossed at a moment's notice into a part that is known only through another acting, by hearing the lines spoken and seeing the dance steps done by another, it is a matter of individual versatility; but those others who get their cues and time their steps to an unfamiliar substitute have to possess concentrative power to prevent the panic of dreaded mistakes. Had the "Inchling" cast been adult, it would probably have shown greater weakness in this emergency than did these children.

The parents of every child in the cast may feel glad that the experience of carrying on during stress was gained by their boy or girl, and that dismay or fear was conquered by the will to do; and every parent—yes, all of us in Carmel—may be proud of the children of our village who won "Inchling" through its difficulties.

OUR APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

The experimental first year of the Carmel Art Association is over, and plans are being made for the continuance of its exhibitions in a down-town gallery. Two things of major importance have been accomplished: the business guidance and management of the organization has been placed in the hands of men trained in business; and the decision has been made to have future exhibitions juried.

Artists are proverbially poor business men, and the handling of an art gallery with any chance of a profit is business. A profit is meant not the mere matter of salesmanship, but the benefits coming to the town as a whole, from the showing of paintings at a public place. To merit the support of the village, to get members enough from laymen to carry the expenses of the gallery, there must be the certainty of economical and efficient management.

And more, there must be the certainty of meritorious work in that show place.

THINGS OF PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

There is no advantage to Carmel in offering its visitors bad art. Some paintings that have hung on the gallery walls, even entire exhibitions shown there, have done nothing to brighten the town's reputation as an "art center." The deeper hidden the better for daubs and dinkiness.

Juried exhibitions should boost the character of the gallery a lot, and with this assurance there will be little trouble in securing the necessary funds to keep it alive. Carmel wants an art gallery, and wants it to be representative of the town; and it is very willing to pay for it.

People Talked About

Literary Digest may or not be every one's favorite, but when its editors wish to select a poem for their columns, they may choose from the poetry of the country.

Last February, the Digest printed a short poem by young Jack Mail, recently vacationing in Carmel with his sister, Helen Mail-Schmidt.

Jack is only eighteen years old, yet he writes verse that might reflect the experience of an older man who has thought a good deal, and experienced as much. There's a nice freshness about Jack's verse that speaks of youth, and a brevity that is rare in youth.

Jack Mail has lived in San Francisco all his life—went to school there, and played with the Children's Theater, when Mrs. John J. Cuddy was in charge, for the best part of seven or eight years. While there he got acquainted with Peter Freidrichsen, now of Carmel, who was on sets with Rose Bogdanov—well known here.

"Jack's wooed all the arts," says Jack's sister, with a mean little twinkle.

"Her art's conversation," mumbled Jack, feeling a bit fitful.

He is going to do some very acceptable things with meter and rhythm, and probably some without either, if he follows the trend of the times. He's had his verse accepted in *Westward*, a poetry magazine, and *The Treasure Chest*.

"For Adolescents"—chimed in sister Ruth.

And—Literary Digest which printed a little two-stanza poem entitled "Written on a Street Car."

At the present time, Jack is writing advertising copy in San Francisco, but he's dreaming of the time when he can go to Pago-Pago—"150 dollars away"—he says. Pago-group, where you can live for \$15.00 a month and there are beaches to comb.

With an imagination like that, and an eagerness that is enviable, Jack won't wilt under the routine and triteness of advertising copy. He'll get something out of it toward his adventure to Pago-Pago (if there is such a place).

We quote the last stanza of a poem of Mail's that the *Cymbal* printed a year ago. It is called "Bid Them Climb a Hill."

"They call the earth polluted
Bid them climb a hill:
And there, their tear stained eyes
May see the ground, the skies;
The wonder of each living being.
Every tear and thrill
They will realize."

Jack and Helen Mail (the latter who is Helen Mail-Schmidt) have been in Carmel for nearly a month and have left for their respective homes in San Francisco—

"For a little while. We'll come back now—always come back to the most friendly place in the world."

Carmel was friendly to the young Mails, because the young Mails were friendly, eager youngsters, modern enough and yet, feet well on the ground.

He'd hate us for calling him a hero, but we'll take the risk. When a man with a million dollar hand goes around putting out fires and sets his fingers all broken up so that he has to do his playing with

three instead of five, then we insist he's a hero.

Frederick Preston Search, cellist and leader of the Del Monte Orchestra, as well as head of the music department of the Monterey Union High School, fought fires on the edge of his ranch last week, then dropped into the Pine Cone office to say that the danger seemed to be somewhat abated. His fingers were the worse for wear however and it was proving exasperating to have to change the habits of sixteen or seventeen years and get along with three instead of five. That's Fred Search's idea of a mere trifle. Having heard him play we think it more in the way of being a tragedy until the time shall come when the hurt fingers are healed.

Search is ready with his plans for the coming school year. His ambition is to create in the students a desire for better music and private study. He well knows that the tug between youthful dreams and youthful spirits has to be dealt with every hour of the day, with the great out of doors working on the other side, but he believes there's steady headway being made, and that the more good music the young people hear, the more they'll want, and the more surely they'll realize its place in their lives.

We wonder how many Carmelites know that Search, back in 1918, led an orchestra in which Paul Whitman played first violin. We ran across an old program in our files of a concert given at the Forest Theater in 1918, by the Mare Island Training Station Orchestra, led by Frederick Preston Search, for the benefit of the American Red Cross. The first violin was Paul Whitman, internationally known composer and leader.

WANTED—A position by trained office assistant and stenographer. References. Apply to Carmel 655J before 11 a.m. mornings or write Marian Harbaugh, Box 1075.

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Irene Alexander is coming in for her share of talk this week and deserves all that's being said—all that's nice—and a good deal that won't be said, because she doesn't do her complaining in public—if at all.

She came to Carmel—dauntless and full of enthusiasm, ready to go to work on the two plays at the Forest Theater that she had contracted to direct.

Troubles heaped themselves at her feet as soon as she had her bag unpacked and her address established. Tangles seem to come to her especially to be unravelled, but she agreed that it was part of the game, and she proceeded to play it like the sport that she is. The troubles didn't run away at her courage. They stayed by her till the end of the last performance. It seemed not to occur to Irene Alexander to call a postponement. She knows one rule—to fill her contracts and do the lion's share of the work.

Now, we're all talking about her, and saying that she's a brick. In the production of *Herod*, there

were difficulties in casting that made it seem almost hopeless. Two other plays were using up all the best possibilities, but through their generosity, and by a process of loans and exchanges, the cast was finally organized and rehearsals on their way. Herod was a big undertaking because of the nature of the play and the size of the mobs, but somehow or other by dint of much telephoning, more walking and great persistence, Miss Alexander got her mob at work, and the play underway. She put it over splendidly.

Inchling seemed to be moving along well for a time, when the troubles came tumbling back; one after the other. First an epidemic of whooping cough hit the cast; then illness overtook the one in charge of the dancing, and as every one who saw Inchling knows, dancing is a very important factor in the production. The loss of the dance director meant either finding another at the last moment or doing it herself, so Irene, nothing if not versatile, got in and created some of the prettiest little dances that the Forest Theater stage has seen, and taught them to her kiddies.

The day arrived, and Inchling was all ready, with the last glistening oilcloth costume hanging on its hook, and the most excited little folks in the world waiting for the first performance which was to be a matinee on Friday afternoon. And Janie Hopper, with a badly swollen and inflamed throat, that couldn't be tampered with, play or no play, became too ill to think of acting. Things looked pretty black. Janie was to have played *Golden Wings*—the leading part, with a song, several dances and a score of lines.

Wouldn't you have felt all gone and weak if you had been a director and faced a problem like that?

Irene Alexander felt worse than that. But she didn't call any meetings or cause a panic. She told Janie to stay home and be a good child and gargle all the things the doctor gave her, then she looked over her cast for a possible substitute. There was a wee girl taking the part of *Mad*. She thought she could be a *Golden Winged Butterfly* just as well as *Mad*, and she knew the lines anyhow. That was that, and *Mad* became a butterfly. She proved a wonder child—a graceful little thing with stage presence and charm, who learned her lines in a few hours like a trooper, and filled the gap with satisfaction to everyone except little Janie, who was grateful and all, but wanted very much to be a leading lady.

Now the season's over, and Irene Alexander has retired to her back porch to write and get a little rest, and she's deeply grateful to all those who helped her out in her difficulties, and who put their hearts into the parts they undertook to play. She realizes that liabilities come along with assets, but she hopes—very gently—that there won't be so many liabilities next time.

After the last bug and butterfly in *Herod* had come off the stage, they crowded around their director and thanked her for letting them be "in it," and "please couldn't they do it again sometime."

That was compensation enough for one who knows the value of a child's gratitude and friendship.

Gunga Din snorted into town this week, covered with dust, and with slight pulmonary disorders, but here nevertheless with his famous passengers, the Perry-Dilley Players and their puppets. Gunga Din? He's the Ford truck, of course, driven by little Mrs. Dilley.

She's a straight-forward person, with a beautiful sense of humor and two obsessions—puppets and babies. She has many of the first and one of the second. She writes scenarios for one and makes rompers for the other. Between times she does everything including publicity and tire changing.

Mrs. Dilley (Grace Stearns) is an artist, with an artist's instinct for the dramatic and the fitness of things. Her work with puppets is one of the reasons why the Perry-Dilley show is the success that it has proven to be, with all due respect to Perry-Dilley himself, who isn't here to say a word.

Margie Dille is the baby. She's going to be an artist too. Even now at the tender age of two she plays with the wolf-puppet and says "Woof, woof."

Puppets are the only stage Mrs. Dilley knows. She went straight into them from Social service work—the industrial end—which is still her great interest when she has a moment to spare.

A San Francisco art critic, upon visiting Carmel some months ago, was asked what she thought of it all. She replied that the thought that was uppermost in her mind was a question—whether or not, children who had grown up here in such beauty and naturalness could make their way after they got out into an uglier, more artificial world—whether they would prove to be super-children or great misfits.

She should have been in the Pine Cone office yesterday afternoon when two Carmel girls, raised here from babyhood, and who have been out in the world besides, came back to say "Howdy" and that things have been traveling along nicely with them.

They were Moira Wallace, who though only seventeen, has been on her own with her wonderful talent for over a year, and Virginia Burton, another little Carmelite, still sixteen, and very full of life and her work.

"What'r you doing now, Jinny?" we asked her, and she answered "Going."

And she always will be going somewhere—if her talent and her outlook on life are an indication. She has been a student at the Academy of Fine Arts in San Francisco for the last year, doing such nice work that they gave her an award of merit at the close of the term.

Shes just stopping off to visit her friends in Carmel for a few days before going on to Boston, where she will be with her father, Dr. Alfred E. Burton.

We heard all about the other children from Jinny. Christina Burton is a councillor at a girls' summer camp in Connecticut. There she's teaching, among other things, dancing. We who saw the first performance of *Inchling* some six years ago at the Forest Theater remember Tina, with her red gold hair floating and her little basket on her arm, a most engaging Lady Bird. She has followed dancing since she's been a small girl. Her latest stage work has been with the Fortia Mansfield Dancers, at the Metropolitan Theater in Brooklyn.

Jinny is a dancer too, or intends to be. She showed great promise

as a child. She's very straight, and strong in a slender way, with clear eyes and an expressive face. She should go far with such personality. She believes that the study of all the arts will show her the way to the one that will be her best means of expression.

Ross Burton is a student at Fryeburg Academy in Maine somewhere, but they'll all be together with the father, this summer, for a few months.

Ocean Avenue

By Jack Mail

Fog on Ocean Avenue, hanging in a great grey sheet as I walk down the pavement. That is it, a strip of gauze stretched on either side, magician-like, to hide some coming wonders.

Such a morning in Carmel is ethereal. It has a mauve tone and texture that is like some winged bug flying by my cheek. As a charming complement to this lavender mood come the yellowish glows of another daytime.

I come to the end of the street and turn to look back. The magician has worked his charm. Carefully the grey bolts and mauve curtains have been lifted and folded away. Placed upon the shelves of my cabinet of vision. They have served me well for this illusion that has come.

See the many shops with windows bright and gaudy, spinning in a very wheel of color. Like treasure chests stacked side by side for my delight. *Occidental, Oriental, & the* cleus of worldly charm. A feast is laid before my starving soul. I must partake!

Waltzing to the tune of the loom my eyes dance back and forth; watching the patterns take life. Magenta, green, magenta, green—a rhythm is produced. Cloths are being fashioned for the tables of the gay. The loom is a god; for it can create.

Jewels for a lady's hair, bracelets, brooches, baubles of beautiful amethyst. Corals, seed pearls, emeralds like dew moist fields in spring.

Textiles, handsomely woven. In patterns as old as time itself. Rich, regal purples, cool yellow-greens, sophisticated lavenders. This is the prism of the draperies.

Batik from Java and rugs from Spain. Embroideries of China and silver of Mexico.

Leather-bound volumes, here I browse. Swinburne, Beaudelaire, Sandburg, Whitman. Thomas Beer, Elmore Wyle, A. Huxley, Carl Van Vechten. Books for our time, and all time, are the shrine of the street.

Caviar, anchovies, breads from Sweden, meats from Germany. Tempting morsels form an important place. Samples of the pastry art to accompany the brewing coffee. Teas and tea-rooms with fires ablaze, filled with the cool grey smoke of many cigarettes; here Carmel's people may chat.

Peasant dresses, garden hats, green shoes, purple sandals, clothes for the Carmelite's wardrobe.

Once more the fog embraces Ocean Avenue. Once more the two bright streamers of shops that line the street are hidden; but they are flying in my memory, as in the memory of every native.

Mrs. Robert Strathearn and daughter Esther have returned to their home in Los Angeles after spending a week in Carmel with Mrs. Grace Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Neff Kelly and daughter Frances from San Jose are in the Rieggs cottage on North Lincoln street for the summer. The Kellys were former owners of "The Oaks" on Dolores street.

JANIE SAYS:

By JANIE JOHNSTON

Serious Playboys

A boy who never learned to play said that sportsmen made him tired—took their silly games so seriously. They do that.

Well do I recall the "merry four"—golfers who took their iron shots and drives with grave seriousness—Who left that tee-off with eyes on the horizon and jaws set—who never said a word until the results of four clicks had been determined. Their silly game—

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There would have been no earthly fun in it for them had they scampered about like puppies and wise-cracked each other while they hunted for balls.

That wouldn't have been golf. It would have been burlesque. Picture them—
A banker
Editor
Doctor
and
Divine

Playing a game hilariously? Games have always been a serious matter with real playboys. Watch the small ones at marbles—their eyes narrow with calculation and mouths firm with determination.

Peep into the garden while little girls are playing dolls at tea—Just get the maturity in their voices, and bearings—it's delicious. They're being very, very serious. It isn't the most auspicious moment, big sisters and mothers, to announce that it's time to get faces washed for dinner.

It's the same with play-acting. Remember Commedia?
And how serious we were about it?

We must play our games straight. Lest games become burlesque. Games so soon become disorganized, ending in scrambles. All the fun gone out of the moment.

The editor wasn't funny at golf, but he was at Grand Opera—right into the ear of his next door neighbor.

Small boy who was so serious at marbles got riotous in Sunday school.

Little mothers, so sedate with their doll families at tea, fell to violent giggling over French verbs. Isn't everything queer?
And mixed up?

PATRICIANS

In little cottages, anywhere, ev-

erywhere, pieces of old mahogany, back in dusky corners, glowing dully under dust films, their companion pieces of cheap oak, and the carpet at their feet worn faded brussels.

But, the patrician of woods—mahogany—never obtrudes its beauty. Should by any chance the oak rocker or what-not possess a trace of beauty within itself, its aristocratic neighbor with the rich carvings and solid slides, will not inspire comparison.

Mahogany is friendly. Somewhere in my memory floats a fragment of sentence read a long time ago, I suppose: that mahogany is like gentle folk, fitting into any surroundings, never losing its own intrinsic loveliness.

It pleased me to go on with my romancing about mahogany. I tried to remember some of the corners where I had seen it glowing.

Back to the shore of Lake Muskoka, in Northern Ontario.

Tramping through woods one day we came to a hut—not a cabin—just a hut. In the garden, doing his very best with an ancient fruit tree, too heavy with fruit, saying preposterous things to a cat on the path, we came on an old Englishman, the owner of the hut that was not even a cabin.

We smelt the apples and were very hungry.

We talked
And were invited to tea.
Tea led to our going inside, finding our ways through the dark musty room.

We had strong tea in Crown Derby cups on cracked saucers—Reminders of different and better times in the old country—
A younger son in Canada.

And in the corner—a mahogany highboy—a little broken down and very scratched—

The slanting rays of afternoon sunshine picking out here and there warm tones of brown and red.

The hut was dignified by the fine old thing, aristocrat that it was—not obtruding itself into the room of memories and regrets.

On the wall were faded photographs, and a sweet grass fan, fragrant of the fields.

And so I let my memory carry me along over miles of rail to the old south—

To the living room of a sixty year old Southern belle, still upright and proud among her miniatures and Dresden, and terribly emphatic about the Republican party.

There I saw mahogany at home Among friends
With equals.

And it was no more, no less, significant and lovely than it had been in the cobweb hung cabin in the woods of northern Canada.

Patrician—at home or abroad
A true democrat
Intrinsically fine
Never an imitator
Glowing.

ANN

The committee of judges to read and select the best play submitted through the manuscript play contest of the Theater of the Golden Bough, spent weeks looking for the best one, then proceeded to stage the best little serio-comedy the stage has ever been cheated of.

It happened the night of the final vote—last Tuesday.

We had read until we saw two of everything—all about bootleggers and gold-fish—Shelley and Lincoln, the other side of the moon and Venus—scrub brushes and mining tools—nice lovers and naughty ones, Christianity versus Paganism, and at last we came to the soil—the kind with deep furrows in it that smell good in the rain and nourish plants richly—and there we stayed a while, pondered and gave the prize.

We had argued,
Spoken up in meetin',
And become better friends
Realizing things about each other of which we were ignorant before—
Then came our little play.

Morris Ankrum was detailed to telephone the prize winner, so we hunted through all the Murrys in Hollywood until we found the one on Benton Way, and put in the call—

Then waited.

You know the feeling just before an Eastern thunder storm, when all the barn yard fowl huddle together and the sky turns sulphur? That's the way we felt while we were waiting for the call. We were being thrilled for Ann Murray who was to be a prize winner as soon as she took up the receiver down there in Hollywood.

Then the bell rang, and Morris spoke to her, and we all—nine of us—eavesdropped.

And Ann was cool as a cucumber.

Morris's voice dropped
Then the thermometer.

The pupils of our eyes returned to normal and we breathed naturally.

And we decided that Ann was a very poised and grown-up person.

Morris invited her to visit Carmel when the play was produced and she thought she could—thank you so much.

Morris is an artist and a gentleman. He wanted that voice to come over the wire all aflutter and breathless, and he had a vision of someone being struck almost dumb with joy at the honor of winning the prize and getting fifty dollars that she didn't have yesterday. That's the way we feel about fifty dollars here, but Ann lives in Hollywood.

O, I wonder if Ann won't have the last laugh this time?

Maybe her heart did miss a beat when she got the call.

An aching void may be waiting for that fifty dollars.

If she slept at all, ten chances to one she cried a little first—being a woman and happy.

Long distance phones?
When you're bursting to say something like

"Love, here is my heart,"
and what you do say is something like

"Hello, how are you?—I'm fine—no nothing new—take care of yourself—that's good—goodbye."

Ann's coming to Carmel in two weeks.

Now we'll see, and so will she.

IN THE MAGAZINES

Carmel in the August magazines
... from the bulletin at Seven Arts Book Store—Henry Cowell in an article in Aesthete entitled Four Little Known Composers.
Robinson Jeffers in Overland—a Comment.

Cornelia Stratton Porter in Harpers—Take Your Children to Europe.

Jesse Lynch Williams in Scribner's—The Bad Influence of Good Homes.

Mary Austin Forum—two poems and an article—Genius, Talent and Intelligence.

SIR WM. WANLESS, K. B.

WILL SPEAK SUNDAY

Knighted by the British government for 38 years service among the people of India, Sir Wm. Wanless, physician and surgeon, has first-hand information of the Orient exceeded by none. Report of the Presbyterian Mission for 1926 shows that his hospital at Miraj, with its out stations, treated 66,077 patients during that year.

Dr. Wanless will speak and answer questions Sunday evening at 7:30 in The Community Church. Every citizen of Carmel interested in world affairs should be present.

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The Mator Mind *By Peggy Palmer*

Well, yesterday I went uptown to collect my celery for last week, but there was a Traffick Jamb on Dolores Street, and I could not seem to find any place to park, so I decided to leave my car on the sidewalk for a minute!

Then I went in the Pine Cone office and Mr. Newberry said I earned two dollars and thirteen cents last week, but I owed him two dollars, so I only had thirteen cents coming!

So I asked Mr. Newberry please to inform me why on earth I owed him this money, and he began telling me how they had a meeting of the Forest Theater Bored the other night, and Mr. Watson got up and made a speech about the Awdacity of young girls who were always demanding a Pass for their entire family! In fact Mr. Watson used my name as an example, saying that I was a Publick Noosance or something, because everytime a show was put on why I came running right down and sort of insisted on getting a large number of free tickets! After that the meeting got

very disorderly and all the gentlemen started talking at once, saying that if I got free tickets why they ought to too! And so Mr. Newberry got up and told them that I had gone on a deer-hunt down to the Big Sewer, and he offered to pay for three Passes out of his own pocket, in order to protect the good name of the Pine Cone or something!

Well at this point I began getting very annoyed, and I informed Mr. Newberry how I almost worked myself to death helping them put on Herod, because I was not only on the Property Committee, but I also contributed some lovely sketches of the leading character, besides painting miles of Seenery and several large Posters! Of Course Mr. Watson furnished the paper for these Posters, but I supplied a can of paint and many hours of valuable time, which I could have disposed of in more amusing ways, like playing polo! And I am quite sure that at least three-fourths of the Awdience would never have gone to see Herod if they had not been sort of induced to by these

Attractive posters and all!

And then on the first night of the Performance why Wendell Dreap came all the way down from Stanford, and so a natrally felt it was my duty to get him a Pass; because Wendell is sort of making his way thru College playing Poker, and he's reely awfully poor most of the time, so I knew if he did not have a free ticket why he would have to climb a tree in order to see

money for these Passes, why I would reciprocate by sending him my hotel bill!

Then Mr. Newberry said he gessed I would have to go and settle this question with Mr. Watson, but I told him I would rather not do that because Mr. Watson always looks so sort of Ferocious, and I am scared of that large dismal looking dog of his.

After that Mr. Newberry gave me

So I said, Well I'm awfully glad you like my number, Mr. Guth!—I never thought it was such a good number before!

But Mr. Guth glared at me and he said You are arrested for parking on the Sidewalk!

Why Mr. Guth, I said, Don't be Ridiculous! I should think a reely intelligent gentleman like an Officer of the Law, would be able to see a young girl had to park on the Sidewalk, because there isn't any place else to park! I gess it ought not to be my fault if the City Cownell refuses to widen Dolores Street! And besides, I told Mr. Guth, I had to drive up on the sidewalk in order to avoid running over a cat or something!

Then Mr. Guth said there was Oodles of room to park around the corner, so I began telling him how I owed Mr. Conrad Immelman six dollars for a Swetter I bought several years ago, and even if the Swetter is all worn out and full of Moth Holes, why I reely feel that I ought to pay Mr. Immelman for it! And that was why I had to park on the sidewalk,—because I was in such a hurry to go in the Pine Cone office and collect my Celery!

And at this point Mr. Guth said I had better bring all my Celery with me because I would need it when I went to see Judge Fraser at the City Hall Monday morning!

So after that I went home and right away I started in having another Nervous Breakdown, and I gess I will have to go back to the Big Sewer and Reecuperate! In fact I am afraid I will have to go immediately, before Monday morning!

And I do not see how a young girl can save any money to pay bills with, when people are always arresting her or charging her for some Passes to a show which probly would have been an awfull Flop if she had not donated her valuable services or something!

Mrs. Jake Wagner of Stockton is visiting Mrs. Albert Linley of Carmel for a short stay.



I told Mr. Guth there was a Traffick Jamb on Dolores Street, and in order to avoid running over a cat I had to park on the Sidewalk!

Herod! And no reely nice girl likes to have her best chum climbing trees, because it actually isn't being done this season! Anyways, Wendell was the one who Applawded, and he enjoyed Viola Worden's dance so much that I had to get him another Pass so he could see Herod all over again on Saturday!

Furthermore, I informed Mr. Newberry, when I went down to the Big Sewer I did not seem to have the slightest intention of Stalking a Deer or anything brutal like that! I went on this trip because I was practically on the verge of a Collapse on account of working so hard painting this scenery and all. And so I decided if Mr. Watson was going to be unkind and charge me

thirteen cents and said he would be pleased if I would go and tell somebody else about my troubles, because he was awfully busy cutting out a Wood Block. And at this point I felt very dejected, because I had been planning how I would go out and pay heaps of bills with this money and a young girl can't pay hardly anything with only thirteen cents in her pocket.

Then I started out to go home, and I noticed Mr. Guth, the Speed Cop, and he seemed to be awfully intreeged by the license on my car. In fact he was copying it down in a little red book!

SPECIAL

Exceptionally well built and attractive new cement home, extra large lot, unobstructed view of Carmel Bay and Pebble Beach. Large living room, dining room; 2 bedrooms, bath, kitchen; garage. Practically fireproof. \$10,500 or terms to suit. For this and other bargains see—

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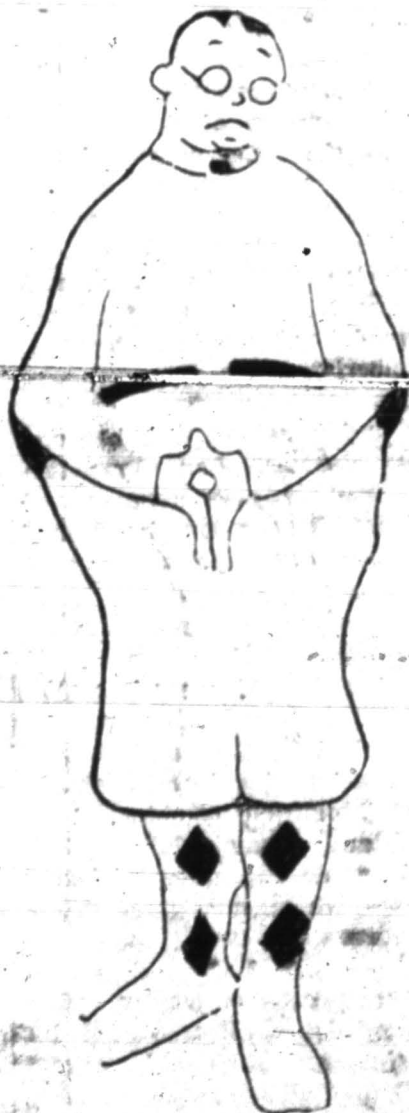
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THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Miss Sallie Maxwell has as her guest Miss Mary Shallue of Oakland. Miss Shallue is in rehearsal for the production of "Is Zat So?" at the Carmel Playhouse.

WINKLER'S "HEARST" RECALLS AN EARLY CARMEL VISITOR

In reading the book "Hearst—An American Phenomenon," my attention was called to Mr. Hearst's association with one of the early visitors to the Monterey Peninsula—Mr. Samuel S. Chamberlain.

It is well said that a man's success depends largely on his ability to select his helpers and no one is more favored with this gift of the gods than is William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Chamberlain was instrumental in reviving the San Francisco Examiner and New York Journal. Some of those who were also associated live in the environs of Carmel—among them Samuel G. Blythe of Pebble Beach, Winifred Black (Annie Laurie) who has a place in Carmel and Henry Raleigh the artist who now resides in Monterey.

Mr. Chamberlain was a frequent guest at Del Monte and the Pine Inn. Few people know that there is a "Chamberlain Cottage" at Pebble Beach. The writer knows because he built it. Sam loved the land where the pines come down to the sea—but, vain regret—he did not live to enjoy the cottage. Many of the residents of Pebble Beach have lived in "Chamberlain Cottage" while building their own homes.

Mrs. Sam Chamberlain (nee Isabel Fraser) alias Cholly Knickerbocker, started the newspaper departments known as Cholly Chicago, Cholly Francisco, Cholly Angelano and Cholly of London Town.

As her various aliases would imply "Cholly" as she is called is afflicted with wanderlust. In recent years she has given research work the preference to newspaper work. She has written of the Pyramids and is responsible for much of the lore of the far east that has recently sifted westward. Mrs. Chamberlain was at the opening of Tut's Tomb. At present she is in California, her native state. By the

way—Isabel—speaking of books, how about that life of Sam you are compiling?

But to return to aforesaid book "Hearst—An American Phenomenon"—it is full of interesting newspaper stories of early days in San Francisco and New York. A few excerpts are in order:—

Hearst early staffed the Examiner with the best reporters, editors and business executives he could find. Distance, cost, labor—nothing daunted him. Superior newspaper men began to flock to his service. Even then he showed astute judgment in picking men and inspiring them. Within a year or two he had the best staff in the West: Arthur McEwen, the war horse of the editorial page, with a pen of acid; gentle Sam Moffit, McEwen's chief coadjutor; Sam Chamberlain, quick and flashing as a rapier blade; the caustic but admirable Ambrose Bierce, one of the most brilliant satirists and essayists of the epoch, who wrote his column of "Prattle" for the editorial page; Winifred Sweet ("Annie Laurie"), wholesome as a May morning, first of the famous sob-sisters and who, as Winifred Black, still writes charming copy.

Hearst's chief aids, Chamberlain, Charles M. Palmer and T. T. Williams, were real executives. To this day ground-at-the-stone newspaper men bow down and murmur "Al-lah!" at the mention of Chamberlain. He was a newspaper man of bold enterprise and of international experience. Son of a well known Eastern family, he had been secretary to James Gordon Bennett, founder of LeMatin in Paris with John W. Mackey's backing, and editorial director of the Evening Telegram and other metropolitan papers. Chamberlain joined Hearst early in 1887 and soon became news editor.

Hearst and Chamberlain were cut from the same bolt. "The story's the thing" was their creed—the only journalistic creed they swore by and practiced. In San Francisco, and later in New York, they carried personal journalism to the very limit of its development. Until the end of his racing life a big story could always lure Sam Chamberlain from his desk.

During a political upheaval in the Sandwich Islands Chamberlain bobbed up with numerous other American correspondents. A lordly, impressive figure of a man, he mingled with the people of the court, gave wine suppers, and so ingratiated himself with the native Queen that she spent pleasant hours with the magnetic American and told every detail of what would now be termed her "true life story."

Chamberlain, they say, wrote the interview in the presence of the Queen and remained with her until the steamer, San Francisco bound, was ready to warp out of the dock. Whereupon, he rushed down to the vessel and, as the gang plank was being pulled in, exultantly waved his manuscript at his disconsolate rivals.

Chamberlain seldom made a mistake. Although his enterprises cost a great deal of time and money, they proved paying investments. It was an irresistible combination—Hearst and Chamberlain. Each tried to outdo the other in daring schemes. There was great affection between the two.

But somehow, no matter what they were doing, Hearst and his playmates, new and old, always seemed to talk newspaper gossip and plan newspaper schemes, and no one seemed sorry to get back to the office. There the unexpected was always turning up, and there centered the chief excitement and fun of those thrilling days.

There was more merriment in Sam Chamberlain's room than in most theatres. Samuel S. Chamberlain was news editor and Hearst's right bower. His quarters were a sort of club room open at all hours. Hearst had a fine big office of his own but scarcely used it. Chamberlain's little eight by ten cubby-hole was more homelike and so that was where the gang sat around most, laughed most, and made most of its plans.

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terrific. Everybody except Hearst himself showed the strain at times. One morning Sam Chamberlain came down to the office arrayed as usual like a lily of the field. But he seemed restless. He rang his desk-bell and said to the head office boy: "Joe, get me a list of sailings for Europe."

Chamberlain found a Dutch boat was sailing that day. He rose, locked his desk, put the key in his pocket, took his hat down from a nail, donned his smart London overcoat, pulled on his smart London gloves, stepped gaily out of the office—and was gone.

Two or three days later Arthur McEwen was looking for Chamberlain. No one knew where the managing editor was. McEwen called the head office boy. Joe told his tale of the steamer lists. "Ah," said McEwen, "get me a list." McEwen read the steamship schedules, drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, grabbed his broad-brimmed Western hat from the top of his desk, pulled it down over his eyes, thrust his arms into his rough overcoat—and was gone.

A few days later Hearst, returning from a trip to Washington, sought out Chamberlain. No managing editor. Then Hearst tried to find McEwen. He was a "mysterious disappearance" also. Finally Joe came and told his tale. "Ah," said Hearst. He went to the city desk and said: "Give me your brightest young man." And to the brightest young man he said:

"Go down to the business office and get some money. Take the first steamer for Europe. I think you'll have to get one to England. From England go to the Hook of Holland and get to Amsterdam. When you land in Amsterdam, walk for about three blocks along the big street where you land. Turn to the left in a little side street. There you will find a small, low house with a green door. Open the door and walk in. There will be a fat, good-natured Dutchman in the room you enter. Ask him where the two tall Americans are, and where he tells you, go and find Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. McEwen and ask them to be kind enough to take the next boat home."

The bright young man did as he was bid: Arrived in Amsterdam, walked up the broad street, turned to the left up the narrow street, found the little low-roofed house, met the fat, good-humored man smoking a large Dutch pipe. The fat, good-humored man regarded him attentively, marked well his pantomime describing the two tall Americans, blew a gust of smoke from his pipe, nodded and threw open a door into a small inner room. There, with a glass of schnapps in his hand, on one side of the tall porcelain stove, sat Samuel Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York Journal, and on the other side sat Arthur McEwen, chief editorial writer for the same interesting publication.

Both started to their feet. The bright young man delivered his message. The gentlemen nodded

courteously. "Arthur, it was a fatal mistake to describe this place so accurately to Hearst," remarked Chamberlain sadly.

"Are you in need of money?" asked the bright young man.

The answer was miraculously "No," and in a very short time the missing editors were on their way back to New York, the Journal and William Randolph Hearst. When they arrived, there was a new man in charge of the editorial page and a new managing editor sat in Chamberlain's chair.

"Pardon me," said Chamberlain, "just a moment."

He hung up his smart English hat, disposed of his smart English

overcoat, sat down at the suddenly vacated desk without disarranging a petal of the flower in the lapel of his smart morning coat, opened his mail and telegrams and stepped into the local room, inquiring as was his wont: "Well, what is this array of talent and beauty doing to make the world brighter and better this morning?"

The new editorial writer stepped down and out, the nice new managing editor was no more, and life resumed in the Journal office its hectic but customary course. When Hearst came in, he greeted the deserters politely, without a word of reproach or admonition, just as though he had seen them every day for the past month.

MUSINGS OF THE MERE VISITOR

By Helen Faulkner

CARMEL AS A CAMPING BASE

Sometimes when the other summer visitors begin to pall (and this is mutual ground we can all, as visitors, meet on) we pack up the trusty blankets and leave for parts unknown—always however within twenty or thirty miles of Carmel, so there will be a not too distant base of supplies. It takes us about one hour to get ready. We keep camp blankets and clothing packed in a duffle bag, light spring bed ready in its running-board box, galvanized "kitchenette" with its own utensils wanting only two sturdy bolts to fasten it to the rear luggage carrier; everything is always in readiness to leave. All we have to do is roll up tent and netting, fill the tank with gas, the kitchenette compartments with food, the insulated nook with ice; and behold, with the trusty oobrush on our back, a good axe at our feet, we are eager to brave the terrors of the Carmel back country.

Picture yourself basking in a bathing suit in front of your canvas domain, river bubbling by four feet away, alders and sycamores shading your snoozing spouse, small son blissfully scooping up pollywogs in a red pail—what more can you ask? Utter peace is yours. Down stream somebody's gasoline engine chugs faintly. Up the valley dusty cars honk around corners. Hoofs thud by on the little bridge. All are a drowsy hum in your ears; for here you are hidden from the world, apart from its clamor, content. And this "here" is only five miles up the Carmel valley. An hour's absence makes it possible for you to renew your green vegetables, your ice and meat, and get mail and daily paper. All the advantages of civilization without its human drawbacks.

Or perhaps you want to bake out a cold, or enjoy scrambles up oak clad hills. Turn south across the bridge at the Carmel Farm Center and take the county road up a cozy canyon of redwoods until you reach a summit from which you look down on the ranch lands of G. G. Moore with their pretty lake and rolling slopes. You may camp anywhere on a road right of way; the best place here is just as you come

down to the lake where the road turns east leaving a generous triangle of grassy bank with ample room to pitch tent and build fire. The only people likely to pass by on this road are the members of the Monterey Fish and Gun Club, who own acreage between Moore's and the Santa Barbara National Forest. A whole day may go by without one car appearing. In this sheltered spot the sun strikes warmly. Up the gentle slopes to the east is easy climbing, growing harder as you bear south. If you have plenty of "It," follow the road seven miles to the Game Club's preserves and ingratiate yourself sufficiently with the warden to permit of a swim in their lovely little lake at the bottom of its rocky basin. There are glorious trails on this preserve. The weather is everything from tropic to temperate. You will find along their hills (if by now you have made yourself very charming) a deserted cabin older than any you could believe we had in California; a gulch damp with perpetual shade, all huge redwoods and towering woodwardia fern six feet high; intimate little brooks rolling pink gravel down to the lake; round sunny hills dotted with old oaks. Maybe you are lucky enough to know a member who will invite you to camp on his slice of the property. Even here you are but twenty-five miles from mail and milk.

Of course if you are a perfectly shameless person you are at liberty to approach those agencies who have subdivisions up the valley and to evince chattering enthusiasm on the subject of their particular holdings, thus acquiring quite painlessly permission to repose for a while on the property "to look it over." But the joke is likely to be on you after all. We know a shameless one who made her brazen way thus into the confines of a beautiful up-the-river glade, only to emerge the owner of three acres of it; it would be indiscreet to mention Ray De Yoe's name in connection with this transaction as he seems to be running for Assemblyman now—but you draw your own conclusions.

A person could discourse for hours on camp sites within fueling

distance of Carmel; of course the further up the river you go, the more gorgeous the scenery. Next time you get a mild touch of wanderlust, yet wish to keep your Carmel base, pack up the kit and try out some of these places. Your summer will be richer and your home-coming more joyous for the trip.

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Village News Reel

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Faulkner and small son, Bobby, spent several days at the Big Sur, returning in time to take part in Inchling.

James Chestnut of San Jose spent last week-end in Carmel.

Mrs. Walter Palmer and her daughter Peggy Palmer are spending this week at the Cardinal hotel in Palo Alto, as the guests of Mr. Alfred Fleming, the manager of the Horse Show.

Ethel Williams Stevens will sing a solo at the Community Church eleven o'clock service, using one of her own compositions, "Come Unto Me."

Vahdah Kubert, Polish dancer, who will dance at the Golden Bough Friday and Saturday, announces the formation of classes for both children and adults at her studio in the Stevenson Building, Monterey.

Mr. H. S. Brasfield, owner of The Brasfield, and The Brasfield Annex, women's dormitory in Berkeley, will spend the rest of the summer here with Mrs. Brasfield on the completion of their charming home on the Point.

Miss Beatrice McDonald, who has been home for the summer vacation, has returned to the Moreland Convent in Watsonville to resume her studies.

Miss Angelina Haggerty of San Francisco is the guest of Miss Ethel Young at her home on North Mission street, for two weeks.

Mrs. William Tappan Lum of Alameda is a Carmel visitor for several weeks. Dr. Lum is at present in San Francisco, where he is serving with reserve officers of the U. S. Medical Corps in their annual encampment at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Attwood and Miss Marie Anderson of Urbana, Ill., are in the Redwood cottage for the month of August. Miss Anderson is a teacher of art in the college at Urbana.

Lincoln Inn continued its reputation for comfort and hospitality last Monday night, when the new managers, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Ball, were greeted by a dinner party of forty guests. The old rooms were gay with garden flowers and bright fires, where friends come to enjoy the evening together.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fisher entertained at tea on Sunday afternoon at their home in the Highlands. About fifteen friends dropped in during the afternoon. John Gunnar Uppman, one of the guests, sang several times to the great enjoyment of the guests.

John Uppman, who has been in Carmel for several weeks, has returned to his home in Santa Clara, and will proceed to Chicago very

shortly, where he will go into rehearsals for the coming opera season with the American Opera Company, where he has, for the past two seasons, been leading baritone.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Webster of Fresno are here to spend their 23rd summer in Carmel. In the early years of their vacationing here they came with their children, one of whom is now among Fresno's most prominent physicians. The Websters claim that Carmel is their lucky sign—that no summer in the twenty-three has held anything but happiness for them,—with perhaps the exception of 1918, when Mrs. Webster lost her mother who was a guest here at the time.

Eric Wilkinson and Paul Whitman are leaving this week for a month's fishing trip in Canada. They will go to upper Vancouver Island, where they expect to catch a lot of the famous trout of that district.

There was a story hour for the children at the Harrison Memorial Library last Friday when Ethel Stevens read and recited her poems and children's stories.

Realty Company, upon returning to her home last week, met with a severe automobile accident. Rounding a curve near Castroville, the sedan door suddenly opened, throwing Mrs. McKerty to the pavement. As a result, she is suffering from a broken arm, a badly cut eye and other injuries. Upon her recovery she will return to Carmel to stay with her mother at his cottage "The Lorikeet" in North Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence W. Lee of Hollywood, parents of Mrs. Guy O. Koepp, and Mr. and Mrs. Donald Crockett of Cleveland, Ohio, were last week-end guests at the Koepp home in Carmel Woods. While here they attended the performance of "Inchling." Mr. Crockett is connected with the "Little Playhouse Theatre" in Cleveland.

Miss Margaret Fortier and Miss Mabel Stoddard, who have been spending the summer in Carmel, have left for their homes in San Francisco.

Mrs. Edward Druhe and her daughter Dorothy of Piedmont are in their cottage on Scenic Drive, where they are entertaining Mrs. George Weir and her daughter, Mrs. Oliver Hinkley of the Bay city. They will remain about a week.

Mrs. Paul V. Wilson, dramatic soprano of Fresno, will sing as the offertory "Alone With God," at the eleven o'clock service at All Saints' church on Sunday next.

The ladies of St. Anne's Guild of Carmel are busy preparing for a bazaar to be held shortly in the recently completed Parish house of All Saints' church. Small and large articles for the grab-bag and the white elephant table for the bazaar are needed. They may be left at the Rectory with Mrs. Chinn.

Mrs. Catherine McNair of Los Angeles, connected with the National Illustrated News Service of that city, will be a Carmel visitor next week.

Miss Ellen Cockefair and Miss Luella Holman of Oakland are occupying the "Fairy Lantern" cottage for this week.

Miss Grace Wickham is with her mother, Mrs. Grace Wickham in the Eighty Acres for a few days. Miss Wickham brought down from San Francisco with her Mrs. Perry Dilley who is her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardener of New Orleans have taken a cottage in Carmel for a month. The Gardeners are friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Stevens, whose guests they were last month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Falconbury of Stockton are in the Payne cottage for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Flanner have returned to Carmel for a stay. Mr. Flanner has been studying abroad. Mrs. Flanner was formerly Andrea Asbjerson, and is well known to Carmelites.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Jones of Kansas City, who have been in Carmel for about six weeks have returned to their Eastern home.

Rem Remsen, who has been in the north at the Bohemian club jinks, has returned to Carmel. Mr. Remsen is planning a desert trip.

Mrs. J. A. Norvell and her daughter, Miss Louise, of Merced, have taken a cottage for August. With Mrs. Norvell is another daughter, Mrs. J. A. Montgomery of Stockton.

Mrs. A. W. Meany and her two children of Stockton will spend August in Carmel. Mrs. Meany has as a guest Mrs. George Bloss of Atwater.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Y. Burton of Merced are spending a few weeks in Carmel.

Mr. C. F. Harper of Bakersfield is spending a few days with his family in their new cottage on San Antonio street.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Nissen of Petaluma are here for two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Armstrong left this morning for Fresno to bring back their son, Herbert, Jr., who has been at a boys' camp near the valley city.

Mrs. Grace F. Torrence of Montclair, New Jersey, and her daughter have spent a few days in Carmel. Mrs. Torrence is a niece of Joseph Hand, and has made many visits to Carmel.

Frederick Zimmerman has as his guest Orrin White of Pasadena. Mr. White is a painter of repute.

Mrs. George Poore, Jr., has had as her guests the Misses Helen and

Georgine Davis, both of New York. Miss Helen Davis has been studying at Columbia University. Mr. Poore is spending a week with his family here.

Mrs. R. G. Brooks has returned to Carmel from Minneapolis, where she has been spending the summer. Mrs. Brooks is the mother of Mrs. Willis Walker of Pebble Beach.

Mrs. Cecilia Casserly, Democratic candidate for Congress, will meet the women of Carmel at a luncheon on Saturday.

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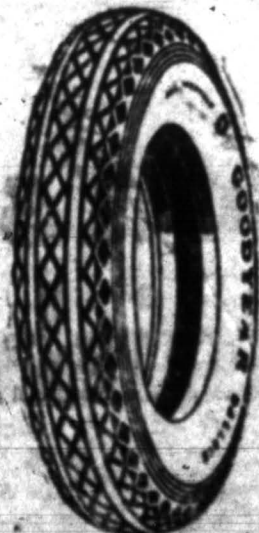
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About People

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde DuVall of Ontario, California, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene R. Gaines and family of Oakland and Mr. and Mrs. Bert Krueger of Oakland were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Koch at their home on the Point.

William L. Koch has returned from a few days business trip to San Francisco.

Word has been received from Mr. Fassett in San Francisco, that his wife, Myra B., who recently suffered an automobile accident en route from San Francisco to Carmel is slowly recovering in a San Jose hospital. The Fassetts while entering San Jose were sideswiped, causing Mrs. Fassett to be thrown against the wind shield. She was badly cut about the face. Mr. Fassett and Mike (the dog) were uninjured. The driver who caused the accident has agreed to pay all the damages.

The Misses Bertha, Ethel and Vera Brown of Oakland, after a two months' stay at Sea View Inn have departed for their home. Miss Bertha and Miss Ethel are teachers in the Oakland High School, while Miss Vera is assistant librarian in the Oakland Library.

Miss Dorothea Nash, a teacher of piano in Portland is returning to her home next week. Miss Nash has been a summer guest at Sea View Inn. While in Carmel she has been studying art with Miss Julia M. Morrow.

Mr. Frederick Earle of Pasadena is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Nelson at their home on San Antonio street.

Mrs. Roy C. Davis of Pasadena has taken "Bellwood" on Casanova street for the month of August. With Mrs. Davis are her daughter Barbara, and the Misses Grace Thomas and Barbara Cheeswright.

Mr. William T. Beatty has left for Chicago for a few weeks stay, planning to return in September.

Miss Isobel Bradford has had as her guest Mr. Edmund Cooke, who is the son of Edmund Vance Cooke, the poet.

Mr. George Buehr, has been the guest of Harry McKee for a few days. Mr. Buehr is the son of Karl Buehr, who was here a few weeks ago, and who plans to return for a brief stay before returning to Chicago.

Mr. E. J. Gibling of Chicago will arrive tomorrow to spend a few weeks with his daughter, Mrs. Pauline Schindler.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph Dahlgren of Coronado are the guests of Miss Ernestine Renzel for the week-end. The Dahlgrens are en route for Port Angeles, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Higginbotham of Berkeley are in their cottage on Lincoln street for the week-end.

Among the Carmel men who have gone down the coast for the opening of the deer season are Don Hale and Tom Riley. Fred Wermuth, William Koch, and Dr. Rudolph Kocher have returned from the Sur, and L. K. Mathiot, who runs a boys' camp up the valley, has gone

on a packing trip into the Tassajara country.

The Misses Maxine Vaughan and Elizabeth MacGrath of Oakland, who have been spending two weeks in Carmel returned to Oakland yesterday. They expect to return to Carmel later in the month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Attwood and Miss A. Maris Anderson of Urbana, Illinois, have taken the Redwood cottage for August. Miss Anderson is teacher of Art and Design in the college at Urbana.

Mr. F. C. Rockwell is spending a few days in San Francisco on business.

CHARMING LUNCHEON AT HIGHLANDS

Mrs. William C. Watts entertained a number of her friends at luncheon and bridge yesterday afternoon at her lovely home, "Mesa Verde" Carmel Highlands. Mrs. Watts' guests included Mrs. Louis Bishop of Pasadena, Miss Ada Champlin and Miss Kitty Champlin, also of Pasadena, Mrs. Robert Wells Covington, Mrs. Eliot, Mrs. Herbert Armstrong, Mrs. Margaret Tooley, Mrs. Sara Parline, Mrs. George L. Wood, and Mr. John B. Jordan.

DINNER PARTY AT HIGHLANDS

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. M. Russell entertained at dinner on Saturday evening in their home at Carmel Highlands in honor of Mr. W. C. Watts, Mrs. Russell's brother-in-law. Their guests included Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Fenner, Mrs. and Mrs. H. S. Nye, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Skene, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells Covington, Mrs. Kissam Johnson, Mrs. Caroline Hollis, Miss Edna Glenn, and Mr. Paul Prince.

TEACHERS ATTEND CARMEL PLAY

Among the audience at the Abalone League production of "The Thirteenth Chair" Saturday night, was a large group of teachers from the Eastern States, who have been studying at the U. C. Summer school. Spending the week-end on the peninsula, under the leadership of Fletcher Udall of the university, the young ladies went to Del Monte and the Highlands, took in the Seventeen mile drive, Carmel Mission, and many other points of interest. They expressed themselves as being charmed with the peninsula, and many of them plan to return here another year. The party returned to the bay region this morning.

RETURN FROM VISIT AT CARMEL

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Schoenheit and Miss Helen Schoenheit of San Jose have returned to their home from a delightful sojourn in Carmel, where they occupied a cottage on Ocean View avenue. Mrs. Grace Torrains and her daughter, Isabel, of Montclair, N. J., were the guests of the Schoenheits.

CHARMING DINNER MISSION TEA HOUSE

There was a delightful dinner at the Mission Tea House, Carmel, on Sunday night, when Marcella Burke entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea of Highlands, who are leaving for an extended stay in the South Seas. Mrs. Burke's guests included Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, Col. and Mrs. J. A. Baer, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Criley, Sr., and Mr. Rhys Williams.

TEA HELD IN CARMEL GARDEN

Mrs. I. N. Ford entertained at tea yesterday afternoon in her charming garden on Junipero street, Carmel. Her guests included Mrs. Austin B. Chinn, Mrs. Charles Stanton, Mrs. E. Garrett Teare, Miss Celia Seymour, Miss Haldis Stabell, and several others.

The Misses Janet Barlow and Agnes Parsons have left for a few days' stay in southern California.

The measure of a man is the amount of money required to make him begin talking about the "com-

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Phone Carmel 2

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BEST BUYS

BEAUTIFULLY wooded piece of land at Carmel Highlands. 3-4 of an acre and small house. Exceptionally desirable piece of property at an unusually good sale price. \$6500. Terms.

STUCCO house in Hatton Fields on 3-4 of an acre of land. Expansive view. Living room, dining room, three bedrooms, two baths, kitchen and garage. A bargain at \$8500.

LARGE residence plots with protected view of sea and mountains for as low as \$317 per 40x100 foot area. Small down payment.

WELL built frame house with five bedrooms, two baths, living room, dining room, kitchen, laundry and garage. Two blocks from Ocean avenue with ocean view. Completely furnished. A bargain at \$7000.

OCEAN and Valley view sites in Hatton Fields and Mission Mesa. Reasonable terms.

WITHOUT obligation to you, the Carmel Land Company gladly offers the services of a salesman to show you "For Sale" property anywhere in or about Carmel, Pebble Beach, Carmel Highlands or Carmel Valley.

Carmel Land Company
Office, Ocean Avenue, Carmel
Telephone 18

FOR SALE—In Monterey, a fine historical adobe residence with beautiful view. All modern conveniences. 2-3 of an acre, beautiful gardens, walls, etc. Close to Del Monte golf links. Ph. Mty. 1345 for appointment.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE—Carmel Highlands plastered shake house on beautiful wooded knoll with fine ocean view. Seven rooms, three baths, well built, expensively finished. Pretty garden, full of bloom. 3.4 acres, land on lower slopes of Mt. Devendorf back of Highlands Inn. Electric stove, water and room heaters. Dining room furniture painted to match trim. \$25,000. Easy terms. Apply at house to owner. Miss E. K. Tompkins. Tel. 3-W-2.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given: That the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, will, for the purpose of equalizing assessments, meet as a Board of Equalization on Monday, August 13th, 1928 at the hour of 10 a.m.

The Assessment Roll will be ready for inspection on and after Monday, August 6th, 1928 at the hour of 10 a.m.

Said meeting will be held in the meeting room at the City Hall in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Signed: SAIDEE VAN BROWER,
City Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

First publication: Aug. 3rd, 1928.
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(Seal)

Miss Marianne Russell of Minneapolis, who is occupying the Dardavis cottage on Junipero street for a few weeks, has as her guest Madame A. V. Partello of San Mateo. Madame Partello, a world traveller, is greatly impressed with the beauty and charm of Carmel. She is the mother of Colonel J. K. Partello of the Presidio of San Francisco, and is also the mother of Florence Partello Stuart, author of "Piang, The Jungle Boy, and The Crusaders. Mrs. Stuart was at one time connected with the editorial staff of the Century Magazine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. C. E. EDDY—Licensed Chiropractic and Naturopathic Physician. Hours: 1 to 5:30 p.m. and Saturdays and Sundays and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings by appointment only. Please phone for your evening appointments before 5:30 p.m. Residence calls should be arranged for as early as possible in the forenoon. Emergency calls at all hours. Phone 105. Dolores Apartments, beside Post Office, Carmel, Calif.

DR. NELLIE M. CRAMER—Osteopath, Work Bldg., Monterey. Office Phone Monterey 179. Res. Phone Monterey 610.

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Vocal Instruction
Concert, Opera, Oratorio
Studio: 4th and Lopez

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Contractors for all kinds of
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Teacher of wood-carving. Ph. 376.

Osteopathic Physician

DR. C. L. FAGAN
Dolores St., first door south of
Telephone Building, Carmel
Office Hours
10 to 12 A.M.—1 to 5 P.M.
Telephone 440

MISCELLANEOUS

SEWING—Expert alterations. Old frocks remodeled. We also turn out smart new gowns, relines and shorten coats, etc., and make drapes and curtains at the Myra B. Shop, opp. the Post Office, Tel. 66-J.

CARMEL SERVICE BUREAU & EMPLOYMENT AGENCY. Public Stenographer. Rooms listed. Ruth H. NE cor. Monte Verde and 7th. Phone 665-W.

PIANO SACRIFICE—Beautiful small Grand. Not 6 mos. old. Standard make. Easy terms. See Mr. Monson at Minick's Storage Co., 451 Alvarado, Monterey.

DEER heads mounted, \$10 complete; skins tanned: Express to H. F. Lorkuin, Capitola; Box 150, Soquel, Calif. 8-31

WANTED—Convalescent/boarders by a practical nurse in a nice private home. Sunny rooms, modern conveniences, new house, reasonable rates. Call at Wayside Lodge, 922 Hellam St., Monterey, Calif.

WANTED—Room and board in private home in Carmel nr. beach for nurse, child 3 1/2 yrs. old, and infant 5 mos. for 2 or 3 wks. in August. Write Mrs. Page, 2849 Garber St., Berkeley. Tel. Berkeley 6567.

FOR RENT

APARTMENTS AND COTTAGES FOR RENT—El Monte Verde apartments, Ocean Ave., at Monte Verde street. Under new management.

SITUATION WANTED—Danish woman wishes position as housekeeper in Carmel, where there is no objection to her 12-year old daughter. Box 1117, Carmel.

FOR SALE—My new home on San Antonio at 14th. \$3000 equity for \$2700. Prefer all cash. Apply Box 115 or any agent in Carmel.

Mrs. Gabrielle Newby, who has been in Southern California for several months has returned to Carmel for a stay.

THE PINE CONE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATE PER LINE

Count five average words to line. Minimum charge 50 cents. Single insertion, 10c per line. One insertion each week for six months, 8c per line. One insertion each week for one year, 6c per line. (No advertisement accepted for less than two lines.)

CHURCH NOTICES

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

CARMEL

North Monte Verde Street.

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Tuesday and Saturday, 2 to 5 p.m. Friday, 7 to 9 p.m. Closed holidays.

MONTEREY

Cor. Pearl and Houston Sts.

(Adjoining R. L. Stevenson House)
Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed Holidays.

PACIFIC GROVE

Fountain and Central Aves.

Sunday Service 11:00 a.m.
Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
Wednesday Evening Meeting at 8:00.
Reading Room—Week days, 2 to 4 p.m. Closed holidays.
All are cordially invited to attend the services and visit the Reading Room.

Unity Hall

THE HIGHER THOUGHT

Sunday, Aug. 12

"The Law of the Cycle"

The Community Church

Divine Worship—11 a.m. Sunday.
Bible School—10 a.m.
Epworth League—7:30 p.m.
Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, Minister
Visitors Cordially Welcomed!

All Saints

Episcopal Church

Monte Verde St., south of Ocean Ave.
Rev. Austin Chinn, Rector.

Sunday Services

8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.

All are cordially invited

Services

at the Old Mission

Daily Mass—8:00 a.m.
Sunday Mass

8:00 and 10:10 a.m.

Right Rev. Ramon M. Mestres
Pastor
Rev. C. Murphy and
Rev. Roma, assisting

FOR SALE

WE HAVE a lovely small size piano in Carmel for sale for balance owing on contract. Well known famous make used in churches, schools and by radio performers. Solid ivory and ebony keys. Wonderful tone and finish. Very easy terms. Write Wilkinson Piano House, Oakland.

Bay Rapid Transit Co.

Phone Carmel 321

TIME TABLE

Lv. Carmel for Monterey		Lv. Monterey for Carmel	
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
8:00	1:00	8:30	1:30
9:30	2:30	10:30	3:45
11:00	5:00	12:00	5:15
	6:00		6:30



Rem Reimsen saw a play, "Inchling," at the Forest Theatre last week, the performance of which he expressed pleasure over seeing.

Send us an item and mayhap we'll find cause to put your name in the paper. Adv.

Frank Sheridan maintains an of-

life in the La Giralda Building which he has been in four times. We have a good address we'll let you use, Frank, and it'll cost you less money.

We saw the chief of police running away from a man the other day. The fellow was trying to ask Gus a question about the location of some McPherson person's cottage here.

Step right up!—We sell step-ladders. Bull Durham Hdwe. Co. Adv.

The sardine was officially ushered in at a banquet in Monterey at which Mayor Bonham was present. What with his wide range of activities and the knickers he's sporting, the mayor is getting classy. He's hogging the limelight, we'd say.

Mayor Jordan, on the other hand, is a pitiful figure, stripped of all honors and passing speedily into obscurity. Soon he will be practically unknown except outside of Carmel.

Few people, we infer, know we have two mayors, both of whom are necessary. Throughout California Mayor Jordan is known as the first citizen. In Carmel Mayor Bonham has the reputation.

Doc Staniford is on a milk diet and has dropped weight at such an alarming rate that Espindola's scale showed that his horse was carrying only 185 pounds. Maybe Mr. Espindola shortweighted you, Doc?

With the signing of an article in the Herald this week "By Allen Griffin," we suppose the paper is trying out another cub. We hope he makes good as he used to live here.

"THE UNFORGIVEABLE SIN"
What is it? This sin that is unforgiveable according to Christ's words in the Bible? Sunday morning at eleven, the minister, Rev. I. M. Terwilliger, will discuss the answer in the Community Church. Do not fail to attend.

LIBRARY REPORT

Miss Ethel Goodfellow, Librarian at the Harrison Memorial Library, gives the following report regarding circulation of books in the past four months:

April circulation	2100
May	2600
June	3100
July	4350

Those who are enjoying the reading room are enthusiastic about the periodicals and books of reference as well as fiction. A greater number are taking advantage of the evenings when the library remains open, and offers the comfort of a fire and good lights.

CYPRESS POINT COURSE OPENS THIS SATURDAY

The new Cypress Point golf course, located on one of the most scenic portions of Monterey Peninsula's famous Seventeen Mile Drive, will open Saturday.

This sporty course is being opened months ahead of the scheduled time. Construction started last November and it has taken only nine months to put the new links in playable shape.

Robert Hunter of Pebble Beach, who has supervised its construction and who with Dr. Allister MacKenzie designed the course, has received many congratulations on the rapidity with which work at Cypress Point has progressed.

The turf, both on fairways and greens, is in excellent condition, due to careful workmanship and thorough subsoling where necessary. It has only been a few weeks since the first holes on the new course were opened to play and although Hunter and Dr. MacKenzie predicted that it would open sometime in 1928, the wisecracks shook their heads and predicted that they would be lucky to have the course in anything like playable shape by New Year's of 1929.

Many noted experts have played the Cypress Point course recently, and all have declared that it will be one of the world's outstanding courses both from a scenic and golfing point of view. The water hazards on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes are expected to particularly intrigue visiting linksmen.

A formal opening date will be announced later by the officers and directors of the Cypress Point Golf club.

CANDIDATES HUNT VOTES

Herbert P. Fanning, a merchant of King City and a candidate for Assemblyman in the 48th. District, was in Carmel this week looking over the situation in the home of his opponent, Ray C. DeYoe. Also a visitor with his ear to the ground was Elgin C. Hurlbut of Pacific Grove, who has hopes of cutting in to the strength of Major Caruthers and Dr. Roberts, his opponents in the three-cornered race for supervisor of the Fifth District.

SINGER AT GOLDEN BOUGH

As the special attraction with the movie at the Theater of the Golden Bough last Saturday and Sunday nights, the managers offered Noel Walster, seventeen year old singer, a student of Homer Henley of San Francisco.

Noel Walster is the possessor of a clear soprano voice of wide range and bell-like quality. She is shy and serious about her work, audience conscious as yet, but pleasing

and charming to see and hear. Her use of the pianissimo especially in her high notes is exceptionally good, and her lower notes contain resonance and beauty.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To the children who took part in Inchling:

Please take your costumes and any props you may have, to Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, who will put them away for future use. There will be a community closet where all such valuables will be kept, under the care of the Carmel P. T. A. Mrs. Schoeninger's number is Carmel 75J.



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Period
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Select a piano of your choice

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GOLDEN STATE

WILLIAM BOYD

and

JOBYNA RALSTON

in

"THE NIGHT FLYER"

SUNDAY

LAURA LA PLANTE

and

GLENN TRYON

with

Trixie Friganza and a
Great Cast

in

"THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE"

—ON THE STAGE—

5 Acts Golden State
VAUDEVILLE

MONDAY - TUESDAY

GRETA GARBO

—in—

"THE DIVINE WOMAN"

WEDNESDAY

FLORENCE VIDOR

—in—

"THE MAGNIFICENT FLIRT"

THURSDAY-FRIDAY

EMIL JANNINGS

in

"THE STREET OF SIN"

A REAL SUMMER OUTING

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OWE
IT
TO
YOUR
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Send Him to

RANCHO CARMELO

Camp for Boys

In the Healthful and Beautiful
CARMEL VALLEY

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Announcing the

Annual Clearance Sale

starting

T O D A Y

Friday, August 10th

IMELMAN'S SPORTWEAR SHOP

Ocean Avenue

Carmel